The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

TIMES AND SPIRIT OF THE LIFE IN NEW-YORK

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WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

Hitherto this season has not been very favorable to sportsmen, for though the weather was extremely fine and dry during the period of incubation, there has been so much rain since, that the birds are scattered all over the country, and in many parts even driven up into the hills. Those whose impatience led them to go out on the first days of the season, encountered much fatigue, and bagged but few birds,—while those who allowed the first fortnight to pass over, have succeeded much better. Indeed it is to be regretted that the shooting season commences so early, for should the weather chance to be at all unfavorable during the breeding period, the birds are destroyed too young, and little or no real sport is procured. To encounter the fatigues of a long day's exertions in beating over Woodcock ground, or cripple as it is termed, only to bag three or four birds, is paying dearly for a whistle, though to mercantile men any thing appears advantageous that takes a *discount* off the "*long bills*."

As the season is now a little more advanced and the birds are collecting about their usual haunts, the sport is improving,—for a friend of ours this week at thirty miles from the city bagged on an average twenty birds for a succession of days;—this though not great sport, is a considerable improvement on the early days of the season when very few could be found. In England Woodcock shooting does not commence 'till about the middle of October, and though the birds are nearly half as large again as our own, they are so scarce that very little shooting takes place compared with the sporting here. We extract the following particulars of this favorite amusement, from a work on "American Rural Sports."

THE SEASON.

No laws regulating the season for shooting Woodcock have, we believe, ever been enforced, except by the States of New Jersey and New York, which restrict it to that period between July and February: although several cities have so far noticed this game as to prohibit its sale in their market places, except during the above period. Sportsmen, however, in every State, respect the proper season for shooting this bird, and are generally confined to those months: but there are many, who do not bear even the semblance of sportsmen, so unprincipled as never to regard law, either natural, moral, or statute, and destroy this bird indiscriminately whenever it is to be met with, often embracing the season of incubation, when the birds so tame as almost to be taken by the hand, as more easily to be sacrificed to their inhuman and and unfeeling propensities. In connection with the pleasures attending Woodcock shooting, there are many inconveniences and difficulties, which call into exercise all the energies of the sportsman. Commencing in the heat of summer, he is subject in his excursions to the scorching rays of the sun, and dampness and mud attend his every step, from which by the solar influence, often arises a damp vapour, almost, at times, suffocating, which enervates the system, and serves to create excessive fatigue; it thus becomes a season of toil, pain, and unpleasant retrospection: when, if pursued during the only proper season, in the fall of the year, it would be one of the most delightful periods of enjoyment.

PLACES OF RESORT.

This bird is known throughout the United States, under different names, as the snipe, big snipe, red-breasted snipe, and mud-snipe, and, in some parts of the country, through ignorance, is not considered fit to eat, although they are generally held in the highest estimation as an article of luxury, and frequently command an extravagant price: it is in October and November, that the Woodcock is in the best state for the table, but impatience in the sportsman urges him to war against them, so soon as the law will permit it. The favorite places of resort for Woodcocks are low, marshy grounds, swamps, and meadows, with soft bottoms, where cattle have been grazing, although during wet seasons they seek higher land, most generally cornfields, to seek their food in the soft ploughed ground. It is no difficult matter to ascertain the presence of these birds in particular places, as the earth will be found perforated with numbers of holes made by their bills, while searching for worms beneath the surface of the ground.

Throughout the month of July, and part of August, the Woodcocks are to be found in most grounds of the above description, and in seasons of excessive drought, are very numerous on tide water creeks and shores of fresh water rivers—those extensive meadows in the interior of New Jersey, near to Axion Furnace, and frequently in the mashy flats, overgrown with reeds: they were also found in quantities in the meadows bordering the Cohansey river, in the lower part of Jersey, in 1825, at which place three gentlemen, in the space of about two hours, on a very small spot, killed upwards of forty birds. But though the favorite places of resort for Woodcocks are in the regions of steams and muddy bottoms, yet, different from the snipe, they are averse to much water, and a heavy rain will disperse them over a wide extended country, and ground which sometimes produces abundance of this game, is found forsaken by them, the night succeeding a heavy rain.

GUNS.

The double gun should always be used after this description of game, as the fault of shooting too soon occurs more frequently in cripples, than on any other ground, and success is threefold more in favour of the second discharge than the first fire, as the bird, by this period has only gained the proper killing distance. Very small shot, say No. 9, is sufficiently large to kill them, there being no American bird of the same magnitude which possesses so frail a skin, and is more easily penetrated.

After shooting at a bird, in case its flight continues, the course and spot in which it settles, should be particularly marked; as it frequently happens they will fly to a much greater distance with a mortal wound, than otherwise, and many birds are lost to the sportsman, from his neglect in this point.

DOGS.

In Europe every sport has its particular description of dogs, to which their use is solely applied: thus, there is the stag-hound, and the fox hound—for hunting hares the greyhound—for the different vermin, the beagle, harrier, and terrier—for grouse, the pointer; for partridges and pheasant, the setter, and for Woodcock the springer or *cocking spaniel*: In this country, our sportsmen, for shooting purposes, confine themselves to the pointer and setter dogs, and are mostly guided in their choice by taste, rather than judgment, and use them indiscriminately for grouse, pheasant, partridge, woodcock and snipe. The Springer is but little known here, and is, in fact, the only proper dog to hunt Woodcocks, as it never points, but is most assiduous in pursuit, and on the instant of springing the bird, gives warning to its master; but, in the absence of this dog, the setter is undoubtedly preferable to the pointer; the nature of the ground to be hunted over is more suited to his disposition and habits, and being less mindful of briars and thickets, he will not only perform more to the satisfaction of his master, but withstand greater fatigue than the pointer.

EASY SHOOTING.

The Woodcocks, when found in meadow land, are easy birds to shoot, and require but an indifferent shot, and slight wounds to kill them, and are therefore sought after by young sportsmen in preference to other game; for, being exceedingly sluggish in their movements, they afford excellent opportunities to the beginner to exercise himself in the science of shooting. When sprung from the ground, these birds always give warning by a whistling noise with their wings, and seldom rise higher than a man's head, skimming over the ground with a slow and steady flight, to but a short distance, when they settle again in the grass—but their character is entirely changed, when the shooting is confined to bushes and thickets, and it then constitutes one of the most difficult feats to kill them, their course being very indirect and unsteady, and differing altogether from the flight of other game, springing rapidly from the ground, and rising perpendicularly, until they clear the tops of the trees or bushes, when their flight becomes more steady, but out of reach, and it requires much experience and judgment to embrace the proper moment to shoot before they make the twistings and turnings, in order to pass between the trees, for this most generally disconcerts every one who is not an expert shot.

To follow Woodcocks successfully, two persons should always hunt together, so that, when the birds are sprung, they will be the better able to mark the spot where they settle again; as success depends, in a great measure, on marking them properly, it is advisable for one to walk in the centre of the thicket, while the other keeps outside, as in narrow swamps, the birds will universally dart out of some opening, and fly along the edge, until they determine to settle again, and the chances of killing are twofold in favor of the one outside, besides the opportunities of marking.

BEATING THE GROUND.

Persons frequently return from Woodcock shooting unsuccessful, in consequence of not hunting the ground well; too much care cannot, therefore, be employed in beating a thicket, and very slow progress should always be made through high grass, as the tenacity of these birds to their places of repose will subject them to be almost trodden upon without taking wing, and it will be well for the sportsman to halt every few yards, as this will tend to flush them, when constant motion would keep them quiet.

FEEDING PLACES,—FALL AND SPRING.

In October and November, the Woodcocks forsake their usual feeding-ground, and are to be found in tall, swampy woods, small streams, overgrown with bushes, and newly cleared land; their favorite food consists of insects, larva of insects, and earth-worms; therefore, when the approaching cold weather drives the latter deep into the ground, they then resort to woods and bush-land, where, beneath the leaves, they glean a subsistence on insects. This is the only proper season to shoot them; they are then fat, and much larger than in July, and generally free from vermin.

In June, they are to be met with in almost every swampy meadow; but their number is generally confined to from two to six; as, however, the season advances, and the young birds mature, the drought drives them to those wet feeding-grounds before mentioned, into which they sometimes concentrate in great numbers. These places are then resorted to by sportsmen, who most frequently make most incredible havoc and waste of life among them, sometimes killing such quantities, that before night approaches those birds killed in the morning are putrified. This unnecessary destruction of life should be avoided; it adds nothing to the character as a good shot, and most certainly detracts from his feelings of humanity; that number should suffice which may be conveniently kept, and rendered suitable for the table.

EVENING SPORT.

The Woodcock is considered a nocturnal bird, and does all its feeding and migratory flights during this season; indeed, its sight is very imperfect in the day time, and the construction of the eye evidently unfits it for the glare of day: hence the reason why it selects, in low bushes and long grass, those sombre retreats from which it never voluntarily departs, until twilight approaches. This imperfection in sight is strikingly manifested, when driven from their seclusion, as they seldom make long flights, and are always anxious to settle immediately, as though it was painful to sustain the dazzling light of the sun, and are as likely to rush into danger as to avoid it, frequently approaching the sportsman sufficiently near to be stricken by the hand. The writer himself, during the past summer, while strolling beneath the shade of a tree, observed a Woodcock settle within a few feet of him, and actually remain some seconds before it took to flight again; but this apparent stupidity is only attributable to their imperfect vision, in the day time. But no sooner do the shades of evening appear, than they sally forth from their thousand hiding-places, to seek their food in open glades and meadows. At this time, an expert shot may reap a rich reward to his watchfulness, should he station himself near to some dense swamp, where these birds are making continual ingress and egress.

Often, in his walks at twilight, along the secluded lane or lonely meadow, does the passenger observe an object like a phantom flit before his face, or spring from his path, with a whistling noise, and is lost in the impenetrable gloom which surrounds him: it is this lonely bird, unable to sustain that light which gives life and gaiety to other birds, now breaking forth from every opening of the woody recess, to enjoy the comfort and protection which night affords, while seeking unmolested the means of sustaining life.

Woodcocks, although migratory, remain frequently with us during the whole year—sometimes, when the streams are covered with ice, and the ground with snow; but their places of resort then, are in cedar swamps, and those springy woods, where the water never freezes, but is constantly oozing from the ground, and it appears remarkable how this bird, whose food consists altogether of worms and insects, should at this season of the year, find means to sustain life; but Nature ever provident in her resources, and bountiful to all her offspring, has furnished this bird with a bill whose length and delicacy of touch enables it to penetrate deeply into the earth, and draw from thence its accustomed support.

COLONEL R. M. JOHNSON.

A biography of this enlightened and public spirited Statesman has been published by Wm. Emmons and may be had at Tammany Hall. It has been stated in some of the papers that Mr. E. is the *Author* of this little work, but this gentleman assures us that it is from the pen of an intimate and particular friend of the gallant Colonel, who has been such from their earliest days. It is well written, and got up extremely well. On the disputed subject of Tecumseh's death the biographer gives the following particulars to prove that he fell by Col. Johnson's hand.

DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

Anthony Shane, a celebrated Indian warrior, who is partially civilized, is a man of high character for honor and integrity, and has been the uniform friend of the United States: he was at the Thames at the time of battle, and had been intimately acquainted with Tecumseh from early childhood. The writer of this inquired of Shane, what he knew of the death of Tecumseh. He answered, that immediately after the battle of the Thames was ended, he went to the spot where several of the men had seen Col. Johnson kill an Indian commander, and there he saw Tecumseh lie dead upon the ground; that he examined the body, and observed that he must have been killed by a person on horseback, for a ball and three buckshot were shot into his breast, and the ball passed through his body and came out at the lower part of his back. While looking at the body, he was asked if he was certain it was Tecumseh. Shane told them he was certain, for he had known him from childhood, and that if they would examine his thigh they would discover a remarkable scar occasioned by the misfortune of Tecumseh having his thigh broken many years before; that, on examining, they found the scar as he had described. Shane knew this person to be Tecumseh, and his body was found where Col. Johnson had killed an Indian commander. He was killed by a person on horseback; and Col. Johnson was the only person in that part of the battle who fought on horseback. He was shot with a ball and three buckshot; and the pistol with which Col Johnson shot the Indian chief was charged with a ball and three buckshot. These circumstances establish the fact beyond all reasonable doubt, and as conclusively as any historical fact can be established, that Col Johnson in this chivalrous act, slew Tecumseh, and delivered his country from the most courageous, the most hostile, the most skilful, and the most terrific savage foe that America ever had. His enmity was like that of Hannibal to the Romans, and his arm not less powerful; but before the unconquerable spirit of Johnson he fell, and terror fled from the habitations of the frontiers.

WATERING HORSES.

A writer in a Cincinnati paper censures the practice of watering horses. Many horses, he says, are killed every year, by the absurd custom adopted by stage drivers and others of giving them water every five or six miles when travelling. Farmers, who work horses at the plough or cart all day, never break off to water their horses, except at dinner time. The practice of watering horses frequently on a journey prevails in England; but the writer informs us that "they manage these things better in France." There, he says, they never water their horses, except when they are fed. He states that travelling in a stage coach, over the hills of Normandy, on a warm and dusty day, the horses foaming with sweat and dust, the driver stopped at an inn, and, when he expected to see him with his bucket, giving water to each horse, he saw him bring from the house a bottle some of the contents of which he poured into his hand, and with it washed each horse's nose throwing a little up into the nostrils.—The liquid was found, on enquiry, to be vinegar; and, although the horses had already travelled a long stage, they went off again as fresh as at first starting.

Genius of an Auctioneer.—At the sale of paintings on the 10th instant, at Hornecastle, the portrait of Archibald, Duke of Argyle, by Ramsay, was offered, and in answer to an inquiry how a small injury to the canvass happened, the auctioneer related the following anecdote:—"The portrait had been hung in a bedroom, which was on one occasion occupied by a female domestic; the girl, fancying that the Duke of Argyle eyed her too closely whilst she was dressing, became indignant, and seizing a poker aimed a blow with the intent of putting the Duke's eye out: the poker missed the eye, but perforated the canvass close to the face.—*Stamford News.*

Ditto.—"What's the meaning of Ditto father," enquired a love sick green horn as he was hoeing cabbages one blue Monday. "Ditto—ditto" muttered the old man; "why baaby, here's one cabbage head and there's ano her. That's ditto." That ditto—by lokey! dad then I'm done with Sal, for as I squeezed her hand for the last time about day break this morning, and hinted in pretty plain English that I should like to get married, she sighed out—"D-I-T-T-O!! Greenhorn's "tender passion," was now turned to *sour crout.*—*Ohio Atlas.*

ORIGIN OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

A work on "Cambrian Superstitions" has recently been published in England in which the following tradition appears, which is unquestionably the origin of Washington Irving's beautifully told tale of Rip Van Winkle.

"A person residing near Pencadar, Carmarthenshire, is reported to have entered the fairy circle on an adjoining mountain, and having danced, as he thought, for a few minutes, by some means stepped out, but was much astonished to find the scenes to which he had been accustomed completely changed, and new houses, roads, and improvements, which he had never seen or dreamt of: the place where his father's cot stood was occupied by a neat and handsome farm-house, and where before there was a barren mountain he saw luxuriant fields. 'This surely,' thought he, 'must be a fairy illusion; I have only been a minute or two in their ring, and lo! they have changed the aspect of nature entirely: I hope what I see is real, and that my father's cot is *really* converted into that well-built farm-house.' This ruminating, and still supposing that what he saw was magic, he proceeded, but his progress was stopped by a substantial and not an imaginary hedge: he felt and felt it again, rubbed his eyes, thinking he was dreaming, but a thorn running into his hand soon convinced him it was no chimerical scene; indeed the hedge seemed to be very old from the size of the thorns—so proceeding onwards he entered the farm-yard, where once stood the cot wherein he first beheld the light of the world. He stared wildly around him, like one deranged, for a strange dog disputed ground with him, and by his continual barking informed him that he had no right there. 'How can this be?' said he, 'where am I? This is not poor Tango!—all seem to be changed—strange cows—strange fowls—strange ducks and geese! surely I have lost my road and have travelled into an unknown neighborhood! but no! yonder is the *Garreg hir* (the long stone) and I know too well the brow of that hill to be deceived.' He was disturbed in this soliloquy by the farmer, who came to know the cause of the dog's barking, and seeing the youth, for (unlike poor *Rip*) he was still one in appearance, addressed him in the common Welch term; 'Pwy'n ych chwi druan? (Who are you poor man?) 'I know who I *was*: I do not know who I am *now*,' replied he. 'I *was* the son of a man who lived in that place this morning, for this rock, though changed a little, I know too well to be deceived in.' 'Poor man!' said the Farmer, 'you have lost your senses; this house was built by my grand father, and that part there which seems newly built was added by myself about three years ago; you must be deranged, or have lost your road, but come in and refresh yourself with some victuals and rest.' The poor man was half persuaded he had overslept himself, and lost his road: but looking back he saw the rock before mentioned, and exclaimed, 'It is but three hours since I was on yonder rock robbing a Hawk's nest.' 'Where have you been since,' enquired the man. He then related his adventure, when the farmer said, 'You have been with the fairies, how long no one knows; pray who was your father?'—'Sion Evan y crydd o Glanrhyd,' replied he. 'I never heard of such a man or such a place, but after you have taken a little food we will step down to Catti Shon Peneader, who probably may afford us a little information,' said the farmer. After a short time he arose and desired the man to follow, but hearing the sound of his footsteps grow weaker and weaker, he turned round, and, to his horror, saw the poor man crumble in an instant to about a thimble-full of black ashes."

PETER THE WILD BOY.

Was found in the woods of Hamelin, twenty-eight miles from Hanover, walking upon his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees. He was at that time supposed to be about twelve or thirteen years old. Afterwards he made his escape into the same wood, but was again caught on a tree, which was obliged to be first sawed down. He was brought to England in April, 1726, and again introduced into the presence of his majesty and many of the nobility. He could not speak, and scarce seemed to have any idea of things.

"It was in the beginning of June, 1782," says Lord Monboddo, in the third volume of his ancient Metaphysics, "that I saw him in a farm house, called Broadway, within about a mile of Berkhamstead, kept there upon a pension which the King pays. He is but of low stature, not exceeding five feet three inches: and, though he must now be about seventy years of age, has a fresh healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable; and he has a look that may be called sensible and sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago, he was in use to elope, and to be missing for several days; and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk: but, of late, he has been quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He has been the thirteen last years where he lives at present: and, before that, he was twelve years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told told me that he had been put to school somewhere in Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name, Peter, and the name of King George, both which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he is now, (for the man happened not to be at home,) told me that he understood every thing that was said to him concerning the common affairs of life; and I saw that he readily understood several things that she said to him while I was present. Among other things she desired him to sing Nancy Dawson, which accordingly he did and another tune that she named. He never was mischievous, but had always that gentleness of disposition which I hold to be characteristical of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the farmer and his wife do: but as I was told by an old woman, one Mrs. Calliop, living at a village in the neighborhood, called Hampstead, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, (which she computed to be fifty-five years before the time I saw her,) he then fed very much upon leaves, and particularly upon the leaves of cabbages which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about fifteen years of age, walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present, he not only eats flesh, but also has got the taste of beer, and even of spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get.—And the old farmer above mentioned, with whom he lived twelve years before he came to this farmer, told me that he had acquired that taste before he came to him, that is about twenty-five years ago.—He is also become very fond of fire, but has not yet acquired a liking for money; for, though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which, I suppose is a lesson that they have taught him. He retains so much of his natural instinct that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather,—growing and howling, and showing great disorder before it comes on."

In the latter end of April, 1785, Peter died at his farm. He was then nearly ninety years of age, but, notwithstanding the length of time he was in England, he never acquired the use of speech.

Anne Royal, "Esq." gives us the following "taste of her quality" in a late number of her Paul Pry:

Washington Gentility.—In our last visit to the Wir Department, we found from a dozen to twenty of the most shameless ruffians on earth in the Pension Office. The only tolerable clerk was a negro, and he blackguarded us out of the office!

THE LAW OF DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RENT DAY."

"Why, Sir, may I be shot, if some thief have not broken open the stable, and stolen Cherub, the bright bay gelding."

This startling intelligence was conveyed to Mr. Fetlock, a famous horse dealer, who valued the said Cherub above any horse in his stable. In fact, it was a notoriously fine gelding, and alone attracted crowds of lovers of horse flesh to the establishment of Mr. Fetlock. Cherub's paces were so true—his neck so arched—his style and action so incomparably excellent, that the news of his loss fell upon the ear of his rightful owner, like little less than the summons of death. To have lost Cherub, was to have lost trade: Mr. Fetlock was inconsolable. However, thanks to the vigilance of the police, the thief was detected upon the back of the stolen gelding, galloping away in fine dashing style—winning matches by means of the ill-gotten animal—and, in fact, filling his pockets by the genius of Cherub.

The trial of the robber was soon despatched. Mr. Fetlock swore to Cherub as his rightful property: due evidence was given as to the detection of the thief; and the knave,—thanks to the uncertainty that invests, as with a halo, the Recorder's report,—was not hanged, but transported. Mr. Fetlock rejoiced that he was in a civilized land, where property was protected, and drank an extra tumbler of punch to the glorious British Constitution.

——"I am sure, Sir, the chest was in the warehouse, when I stepped to the King and Keys. Yes, Sir, I know,—it was a chest of gunpowder tea,—I'm sure it *was* here."

And so it *was*, when Bill "stepped to the King and Keys;" but whilst he tarried there, an expert thief had shouldered the chest of gunpowder tea, and made clear off with his booty.

Now the tea was of a very peculiar flavour. There was but that one chest in the market—the dealer had given a very high price for the commodity—and had every expectation of realizing a handsome profit on the purchase. Notice of the robbery was given at the Mansion House; the officers were on the alert; and, to be brief, the varlet was apprehended—tried—and despatched to join the knave of the bright bay gelding.

"Blessings on the laws!" cried the tea merchant, "that allow to every man his own—that enable the labourer to enjoy the produce of his toil—that are the safety of the honest, and the terror of the unjust." The tea merchant traded on his gunpowder, and realized thereby a good round profit.

——A theatre has many allurements. Even horse dealers may direct a stage. Why should not Fetlock try his hand?—nay, why should not Mr. Pekoe (our friend the tea merchant) join the owner of the bright bay gelding? The junction was effected, and the theatre flourished as it might be expected a theatre would flourish under the superintendence of persons deep in teas and piebalds.

——"Well, Sir," said Mr. Clause the chamber counsel, "state your case."

"It is briefly thus:—Having overcome the thousand impediments that assail a writer for the stage, I have had the good fortune to produce a drama which has met with general success."

"Very good, Sir."

"I believe, Sir, the law of England declares that every man shall enjoy his own. Now, Sir, this drama,—my own property—the labour of my own mind,—has been unjustifiably taken by persons, and used to their own profit, not one doit coming to me from the individuals who have wrongfully possessed themselves of the fruits of my labours. Under these circumstances, Mr. Clause, what shall I do?"

"Pocket the affront."

"What, Sir!—is a man to be robbed—and is there no law for his remedy? Sir, I must say, I fear you know but little of your profession. Here am I wronged by two persons, named Fetlock and Pekoe: and yet the culprits are to go untouched. Why, Sir, I remember cases in which both Fetlock and Pekoe were engaged, which convince me that in this blessed land property of every description is protected. Tell me, Sir, is a man allowed to steal with impunity a light bay gelding?"

"No, Sir."

"To be permitted to run off with another man's chest of gunpowder tea?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, then, Sir, if such be the case, has any man a right to steal my play?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"What! you don't mean—"

"Sir—that is the law of dramatic copyright. Good morning."

THE CONJURER BOTHERED.

From the Pennsylvanian.

The Arch street Theatre was literally crammed on Wednesday night, to see Saubert's final exhibition; and particularly to witness the promised feat of cutting a man's head off. Numbers of people were unable to obtain a peep at the stage, and left the house. Many of those who did con rive to obtain good places, were in a state of suffering from the heat and pressure, which nothing but the hope of seeing a headless gentleman, enabled them to endure. They remained to "groan and sweat" for that purpose, three good hours or more; the conjuror wisely having determined to make his deed of darkness the cap sheaf to the wonders of the evening. The audience, however, were not much interested in the very pleasing deceptions which filled up the time. The decapitation was all they could receive into their minds, and they trembled with anticipated delight; hoped that such succeeding trick was the usher of great business, and gut endured the matter in hand. Finally the execution came:—a platform was raised upon the stage: the victim, one of Monsieur's assistants, walked out,—and took his station upon the platform. He kneeled, and Saubert took off his cravat, bared his neck, and made several demonstrations of being about to slice the patient like a turnip. A white handkerchief was now bound over the patient's face, so as to leave part of his chin, and his hair, visible to the audience. The Professor then laid him along the platform, face downwards, guillotine fashion, with his side towards the audience. So far, so good, the people applauded and shouted hysterically,—the fun was rising. But the Professor damped it, by drawing a curtain across, and hiding his operation. When the curtain was withdrawn, there was the Professor, knife in hand, cutting away at the neck. He made an end, lifted up a round thing covered with a handkerchief, and carried it on a plate to the foot-lights. This was the head:—the true head being either concealed by a cloth, or stuck through a hole in the table. The pensive public looked rather sulky at the *denouement*, and forthwith getting into an immense passion because Monsieur, pumpkin and all, in a manner which was, to say the least of it, more energetic than polite. Monsieur vindicated his right to be called a philosopher. He bore the storm with unruffled good humor, and never inquired,

"Qui sont ces serpens qui sifflent sur ma tete,"

though the outcries of the birds who saved the Capitol, or even the speeches of the Yankee sea-serpent, were mere whispers in comparison. The curtain fell and veiled the pumpkin, and the whole troop of phenomena; the audience scampered out in high dudgeon, and thus ended the chapter of decapitation.

"The cunning man" did not show much tact in making the attempt. He is one of the cleverest conjurors who has appeared among us, and should have known better than to unlace his reputation after this fashion.

THE WITTY CAPTAIN.

The reputation of "a man of wit" is rather difficult to be acquired, but is the easiest thing in the world to be maintained. After the height is once gained, it is next to an impossibility to dislodge him. His feeblest sallies put whole legions of opposing witticisms to the rout. I have known cases where a repartee, too sharp to be answered in words, has been deprived of all its effect by a wink from an acknowledged wit.

I knew a person who, by dint of a red nose and a squint, was acknowledged to be the most entertaining man in his village. Whoever came to —— was as regularly introduced to him, as to any of the sights and wonders of the neighborhood. His sayings in themselves were nothing—his stories were most wearisome; but his nose and his squint made any thing pass current. If his self satisfied dulness roused your anger, and your wit lightened down upon him—no matter—he stopped you in the middle of your wrath: and, while every eye was fixed in anticipation of your martyrdom, and his Bardolph nose was flaming upon you, he would, after a becoming pause, give one of his superhuman squints, and, turning in all gentleness to his admiring friends, settle the question to the honour of his humanity, with "you know I *could* say something—but I won't." With this talisman he was invulnerable: the most biting sarcasms could not touch him, of whom all were assured that he *could* say something, though he had magnanimity enough not to say it. For years this man reigned king of the realms of Fun, in the village of ——, on the strength of his nose, his squint, and this oracular sentence. People, however, began at last to tire of his sovereignty, and to wonder what in the world it could be, which the Captain (for he was on half pay of the ——shire militia) *could* say, but would not. He was at last worried wherever he went; his nose was lampooned in the County Chronicle, his squint ridiculed even before his face: but with the same profound pause and inexpressible ogle, he responded to every attack. "You know I *could* say something—but I won't." Years were passing away, and, though he still retained his sovereignty, his silence upon this point began to be considered a sort of flaw in his title. One generation of his admirers had nearly disappeared—the wits, who began their reigns in the neighboring villages, had descended from the merry into the grave: and the Captain, with his nose and eyes, was the sole specimen of the ancient race of kings. He, too, gradually began to wane, but with no diminution of the comicality of his visage: death seemed to have no effect on the facetious twinkle of his eye; and even the apothecary could scarcely refrain from laughter, as the expiring man turned on him the irresistible absurdity of his squint, and told him he felt he was in a serious state. The apothecary, who had been one of his most constant admirers, bethought him of this last opportunity of worming out the heart of the Captain's mystery.

"Well, Captain, how do you feel yourself today?"—"Going," going," said the Captain—"No, no. I hope not: pray is there nothing on your mind?"—"No, Doctor: I think your drugs have left very little either on my mind or stomach."—"But is there nothing; I mean, which—which you have often said you *could* say?—perhaps now is the only opportunity you will have, and——" The Captain turned in his bed, and fixing his still expressive eye upon the querist—hemmed two or three times, as if to clear his throat, and said, "Well, you know I *could* say *something*, but—I—won't." He never spoke again, and his secret and his reputation descended with him into the tomb.

THE GIRAFFE.

I happened to be at Malta when it arrived in that Island from Egypt. The Governor, Sir F. Ponsonby, provided it with a very pleasant and appropriate lodging in the grounds of the villa of Sant' Antonio, where I saw it several times with its two African keepers, who had attended it so far. The sultry, dry climate of Malta seemed to agree very well with it. There were no trees on that arid rock tall enough to require the length of his neck—the tallest at Sant' Antonio were not much higher than its legs, and it was exceedingly pretty to see with what grace the creature bent its long, elastic neck, and brought its small, deer-like head, to play with their topmost branches. It only played with them. The Africans fed him regularly with some sort of dry provender, and when they appeared he was accustomed to show considerable animation; but I never saw it so forgetful of its dignity as to run—on the contrary, it walked up to them with very stately steps. Its eye then was particularly bright and beautiful, and the whole appearance of the animal was very different from what I have heard described after its arrival in England.

The day it was embarked it did not look so well as usual. It was put on board a large, new merchant brig only lately built at Malta. When it was in the hold, with its feet almost on the brig's keel, it could stretch its neck out of the main hatch-way, and command all the deck with its head. It seemed greatly astonished, but remained as tranquil as possible. I never heard it make the least noise. When the sailors went near, it drew in its head, but seemed to protrude it with pleasure when its old companions and countrymen, the Africans, approached it.

At Constantinople on one side of the Hippodrome there is a menagerie, now very ill provided,—dark, filthy, and much neglected. Some years ago a giraffe was sent from Egypt to enrich the collection of beasts then existing there. Its keeper was accustomed to take it to exercise in the large open square of the Hippodrome, where the Turks used to flock daily in great crowds, to cultivate the acquaintance of the extraordinary quadruped. Seeing how perfectly inoffensive it was, and how domesticated it became the keeper next used to take it with him on his walks through the city, and wherever the general favorite appeared, a number of friendly hands were held out of the *gazebos*, or projecting latticed windows, to offer it something to eat. The Turkish women were particularly attentive to it. The generality of the streets at Constantinople are so narrow, that as it walked along the middle, its neck being inflected to the right or to the left, it could almost touch the houses. After some time, when it came to a house where it had been particularly well treated, if no one was at the window, it would genitly tap against the wooden lattice, as though to announce its visit. It was extremely docile and easily directed, but if left to itself, it was observed invariably to take the street in which it had the most and the best friends. This pet of the Turkish capital died a long time before I arrived, but an old servant I had, told me the anecdote.

The old traveller, Marco Polo, says he was told of the existence of camelopards, or giraffes, in the island of Madagascar, on the coast of Africa, and in Abyssinia. It does not appear that he saw any specimen, but he describes its principal features very accurately.

Scene in New Orleans.—A gentleman informed us that he overheard the following conversation at a hotel one morning in New Orleans, during the prevalence of Cholera:

"How are you to-day?"

"Only so, so.—Bar-keeper, give me a stiff julep."

"Do you know that our particular friend J—— kick'd the bucket last night?"

"You don't say so!—Will you take an anti fogmatic?"

"Don't care if I do. Miss K—— also has gone by the board."

"The d——l!—I was engaged to be married to her! *What's the price of cotton this morning?*"

Baltimore Visitor.

A CHAPTER ON HATS.

"Your bonnet to its *right use*,—'Tis for the head."

There is no people so ingenious at expedients as the Yankees. It would never enter into the heads of persons out of New England to use their *hats* for any other purpose than as a covering for their heads. In other parts of the globe, when a man bows graciously to his friend, *he takes off his hat.*—Such a custom cannot be adopted here—for a man's hat is his pocket book, his satchell, his pantry, his clothes bag, his tool chest, or his segar box, as occasion may require, and if he should take off his hat in a hurry, awkward consequences must needs ensue. We once knew a young gentleman who having purchased a dozen of eggs for his mother, forthwith *popped them into his hat.* On his way home he met a pretty girl, with whose charms he had long been smitten, and wishing to be particularly polite, *he took off his hat*, preparatory to making a low bow. The twelve eggs, obeying the laws of gravitation, of course were precipitated to the pavement and instantly smashed to atoms, and the beautiful white garment of the astonished girl, was bespattered with the filthy yolks! She never forgave him.

How often during a windy day, do we see a *hatless* wight chasing a cloud of papers, which have made their escape, and are borne away on the wings of the wind.

It has been remarked by foreigners, that the natives of New England are generally *round shouldered.* This is undoubtedly owing to the enormous weight they carry on their heads! A lawyer is seldom seen with a green bag in his hand—his legal documents, and sometimes his law books, are deposited in his hat: a physician's hat is not unfrequently an apothecary's shop in miniature; a merchant's hat is crammed with samples of merchandise; and a stage driver's hat is stuffed with bundles and packages. A person about to take a short journey never burthens himself with a trunk, but takes a change of apparel *in his hat*; a late member of the Massachusetts Legislature, who represented a town not more than twenty miles from Boston, always carried his dinner to the State House *in his hat*; and we have seldom seen the hat of an editor, which which was not stuffed with dumped newspapers, stolen paragraphs, and unanswerable duns! Hence editors are *always* round shouldered.

The change which has lately been effected in the shape of the hat, has been loudly complained of, as its reduced dimensions put its wearers to much inconvenience. A hat of the most approved modern style, will contain little more than a pocket handkerchief, a pair of gloves, and a few cigars. But we hope this change in fashion will produce a corresponding change in the *perpendicularity* of certain individuals: and that those persons who *hung down their heads* while wearing a bell-crowned hat, will soon strut about as stiff and upright as a platoon of well disciplined soldiers.—*Lowell Journal.*

IRISH ASSIGNMENT.

An Irish milkman was brought up to take the benefit of the Lord's Act. He was suspected of concealing his property, having given no schedule, though he was known at a not very distant period to have possessed some. He was asked by the counsel who opposed him, whether he had not some property, which he had omitted to insert in his schedule? "The devil a bit of property," says he, "have I at all at all." "Why, what's become of your furniture and your cows? Cows you were known to have, as you sold milk." "Yes, I had," says he; "but I have none now." "Why, what have you done with them?" "I have sign'd away every thing I had." "How have you assigned them?" "*I have made my will*, and given them all away." "*What, are you a dead man?*" said the judge. "No, please your honor," says Pat; "but I soon *will* be if you take away every thing I have to live on from me." He refused to make any assignment or schedule, and was remanded.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Advertiser.

The Siamese Twins, were exhibited in this village on the 3d, 4th and 5th. They depart to-day for Chagrin and Painsville, then to return to Cleveland and start for Detroit, stopping at Elyria, Norwalk, Lower Sandusky, Perrysburg and Munroe. The Twins were visited by Black Hawk and his party; who seemed very much interested in seeing them and asked many questions. Black Hawk addressed the Twins (thro' the interpreter) for five minutes or more. The substance of the address, was—"That he and his friends had heard of the Twins, and had been very anxious to see them and that they felt pleased in having their wishes gratified.

He said 'the Great Spirit had made them as they were, and would protect them and be their guide and protector, should they go again across the Great Waters.—The concluding phrase of his address was—'The Great Spirit will call both to him at once.'

The Indians sat with the Twins for nearly 15 minutes.

He added 'that he would show to his Red brethren the portrait which they had presented to him, and would tell them what he and his friends had seen.

The following highly poetical inscriptions, instead of the vulgar insignia of "Boots and Shoes," are to be found on the signs of two brethren of the craft in London:

"Here's the man that won't refuse
For to mend both boots and shoes;
My leather's good, my charges just,
Excuse me though—I cannot trust."

The next is more sublime, but as it has less of the business-like style than the former, we should be inclined to prefer the man of moderate pretensions for our cobler.

"Blow, O blow ye heavenly breezes,
All among the leaves and treeses,
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly muses,
And I will mend your boots and shoozes."

A Small Matrimonial Breeze.—Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye—just tell me that—for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flanagan sent me home to yer house!" "Swate jewel,' replied Pat, not relishing the charge, 'and it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow *scraping* over the cowld sod that covers me: then by St. Patrick I'll see how ye'l get along without me, honey.'

The Monkey and Bull-Dog.—A furious battle took place some time back, at Worcester, between these two animals, on a wager of three guineas to one, that the dog would kill the monkey in six minutes. The owner of the dog agreed to permit the monkey to use a stick, about a foot long. Hundreds of spectators assembled to witness the fight, and bets ran eight, nine and ten to one in favor of the dog, which could hardly be held in. The owner of the monkey taking from his pocket

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
[And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, July 20, 1833.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The large number now printed of the Traveller and Spirit of the Times, compels us to go to press early on Friday evening. To be certain of their insertion therefore, advertisements should be sent on Thursday evening, or early on Friday morning. The circulation of the paper is upwards of three thousand copies, nearly one half of which are in the city.

TO DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS.

We receive almost every day, orders from country subscribers, directing the paper to be sent to them, but not enclosing the subscription money. The price of our paper is so low that the expenses of collecting in distant places eat up all the profits, and we must therefore decline receiving subscriptions hereafter, unless the money is forwarded in advance; those to whom we have sent papers will particularly oblige us, by complying with our terms. Our hope is to make great improvements in the paper in the course of the present year; but to do this we must incur heavy expenses, and unless our subscribers are punctual in their payments, we cannot do for them what we propose, and wish to accomplish.

Friends who favor us with communications will oblige us by remembering that postage is a heavy item in our list of expenses; and that we *must* decline taking from the Office all letters not post-paid.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

The great match for $500 a-side between two of the best shots known in New York. did not come off on Friday the 12th, as was expected, owing to the sickness of one of the parties;—but it will take place at the Red House Pleasure Grounds on Tuesday next the 23d inst., when great sport is expected. The distance from the trap to be 21 yards, and the bounds, 80. Each to use his own common fowling-piece, and the weight of shot to be left to their discretion. One of the parties is a very well known pigeon shot, residing in this city; and the other is equally celebrated as one of the best sportsmen that ever followed a dog, and belongs to New Jersey.

The setting is rather in favor of the latter, but it has varied considerably since the match was made. On the Friday when it was to take place, another match was made upon the ground, between four known good shots,—the two that are to contend on Tuesday, and two other well-tried sportsmen of this city. During this, the sickness which had caused the postponement evidently influenced his aim, and the confidence of his friends somewhat abated, but in a pool which subsequently took place, his shooting so much improved that their reliance on his skill was entirely restored, and odds are now offered that he will win the match. Which ever way it may result, there will be excellent sport, for both are first rate shots and their confidence is equal to their skill. It will take place at the Red House Pleasure Grounds, at 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and to those who have leisure, a visit to this beautiful place will afford ample compensation for their trouble. It stands close by the point where the Harlaem and East Rivers meet, and commands a delightful view of Hurlgate, and the busy panorama of the surrounding waters. There is an excellent house kept in good style for the accommodation of the Subscribers and their friends,—it stands in the middle of a three quarter mile course, which is now in very fine condition for trotting.—In the neighboring marshy land, three persons were beating the ground, or cripple, for Woodcock one day this week, but though they found the trees and underwood too thick to use their guns with effect, in their then unprepared condition, yet one of them who forced his way through the cover without a gun, flushed nearly a hundred birds. There is evidently good sport to be had there by those who go prepared to encounter the obstacles that present themselves in the closeness of the cover.

TO ALL GOOD SHOTS IN THE UNION.

We have authority to publish the following

CHALLENGE.

Ten New York Sportsmen offer to make a match, for one thousand dollars, against an equal number of Sportsmen from any part of the United States, to shoot pigeons at the Red House pleasure ground, near Harlaem. Weight of shot, time, and distance, open to future arrangement. All communications to be addressed to JAMES DAVIS, 548 Broadway—the "Red House" in town.

MATCH.

NEW YORK v: PHILADELPHIA.

Another match between the rival shots, who had a trial of skill some two weeks since, came off on Tuesday last at the Red House, Pleasure Ground. The terms were to shoot at thirty yards—ground traps,—one ounce of shot,—80 yards bounds,—and if any one else fired at a bird during the match, the offending party was to pay the amount of the stakes. New York began by shooting at two birds, the first of which escaped, the second fell. Philadelphia then put up two, and missed both. The Yorker hit his third bird and brought it down,—the fourth was also hit,—but just as it expanded its wings in the act of falling, and was yet within the prescribed bounds, Mr. C— T— a friend of the shooter, fired,—and tho' it was evident by a post mortem examination of the bird, that his shot had not taken effect, the opposite party was fully justified by the terms of the match, in taking exception to the proceeding, and the contest was stopped. Eventually the offender was directed to pay the cost of the bird, and the stakes were drawn. It was at first agreed to shoot at five and twenty birds each, but from their scarcity, both parties were satisfied to have it decided in 11 shots on each side. Tho' this match was thus put an end to by the folly or negligence of a third person, there can be little doubt how it would have resulted from witnessing the first shots.

PIGEONS WANTED.

A ready market is offered to those who have Pigeons to sell, by applying to James Davis,—"Red House"—548 Broadway, who will take any quantity. This is an excellent opportunity for those who have a stock of these birds on hand, as the supply of wild pigeons will shortly render their tame ones of little or no value.

A runaway match.—We wonder if it is true that a certain Dancing Master has made a *Sherry oh*, with a young and lovely girl with whom he is said to have run away, together with her fortune and all her other *gear*. He no doubt had *taken* many *steps* to ingratiate himself with the fair creature before they ran away, and tried many a *gallop-ade* prior to starting on this *hard gallop*.

A change of name.—We understand from the first authority that Mrs. Duff has once more changed her name and condition, and from the courted Widow has become the wedded wife. That matrimony, like "Wine, works wonders" we well know, and in this case not less so, since it is stated that our old favorite has again become *Young*.

Clough, the murderer of Mrs. Hamilton, is to be executed next Friday.—He is said to be engaged in preparing for publication a sketch of his life.

A scene from an unacted and unprinted comic drama, entitled

THE THREE DUTCH GOVERNORS OF NEW-YORK.

Scene—The ramparts of Fort Good Hoep.

On the rising of the curtain, Colonel Jacobus Van Curlet, Capt. Von Poffenburgh, and Lieut. Knickerbocker are discovered holding a council of war. Two sentries walking their posts in the rear.

Van Curlet. (Walking backward and forward with his hands in his breeches pockets, a long pipe in his mouth, and a sword nearly as long stuck through his waistband—) What the duyvel shall we do with these schelms of Yankees? They're getting nigher as ever, and planting their infernal onions under my very nose—Captain Von Poffenburgh!

Von Poff. Colonel Van Curlet!

Van Curlet. I say Captain, this is getting to be serious! Do you see that big tree mit a white streak round him?

Von Poff. I see him Colonel!

Van Curlet. Vell den, when that tree was a little fellow we had all dis land to our own selves, and dere was'nt a dundering Yankee within 100 pipes of us; and now here dey be almost into our pockets, may the curse of St. Nicholas stick to 'em.

Knickerbocker. I dink Colonel dat we must have a fight mit de long-sided, codfish-eating dogs, to teach em how to keep deir distance.

Van Curlet. Dat is a goot idea Leftenant; pud it's very odd dat I never dought of dat. Captain, how many do we muster in the garrison?

Von Poff. Eleven privates and a drummer, besides black Pompey de cook and de two washer. women.

Van Curlet. Hem! quite a strong force—What is de gondition of de artillery?

Von Poff. Dree muskets, two quaker guns, five baggonets and dree swords, a pitchfork and seventeen bean poles—and beshides dat, dere ish de powder horn dat was daken from de brisoners.

Van Curlet. Goot! We'll examine dese same brisoners—Leftenant Knickerbocker, bring em out, and let a file of soldiers turn out mit deir arms, and be bresent at de examination. We must guard against surprise and dreachery.

Von Poff. And Colonel if I might advise, had'nt dey better be put in irons? Dey look like desperate dogs.

Van Curlet. Goot! Let dem be brought before us heavily ironed.

Knicker. I believe—dat is I dink Colonel—I dont know dat dere is any irons in the fort except the dog chain.

Van Curlet. Den let 'em be tied hand and foot—and bring me my horse pistol—and Leftenant, see dat de briming is in order. We must be careful, and always ready for every ding.

[*Exit Knickerbocker.*]

Captain Von Poffenburgh, what was de brisoners a-doing when you captured 'em?

Von Poff. One was fishing and the other digging for worms.

Van Curlet. How was dey armed?

Von Poff. The man had an empty powderhorn in his pocket, and the boy a jackknife and a lump of Indian bread.

Van Curlet. How far was dey from de fort?

Von Poff. About may be half a pipe.

Van Curlet. Spies no doubt; but here they come. [Enter six soldiers oddly armed and equipt; Knickerbocker with an old horse pistol without a lock; and the two prisoners, a forlorn lame old man, and a ragged little boy—their hands tied behind their backs.]

Prisoners halt! Leftenant Knickerbocker advance and place four of the guard between us and de brisoners, and let the other two shtop close by deir sides. Draw your sword Captain Von Poffenburgh. Hem! Brisoners look at me! I am Colonel Jacobus Van Curlet duly gommissioned under deir High Mightinesses the United Provinces of Holland, Gommander in Chief of this Fort and Governor of de Province of Good Hoep—hear what questions I have to dell you, and ax dem druly midout any dransgumfigation.

Boy. Daddy, daddy, I want tu go hum!

Van Curlet. Silence brisoner! Old brisoner, what is your name?

Prisoner. Zedekiah Hopkins.

Van Curlet. Where ish your gonfederates?

Prisoner. An?

Van Curlet. Where ish de resht on you?

Prisoner. Well I rather guess my woman and little Zeke and our Sal's to hum up yander, and I conceit they'd like darnation well to know whereabouts we be all this time.

Van Curlet (aside to Von Poff.) The Yankee thief is cunning mit his answers, but I'll work him. Brisoner! are you not a Spy? Answer me dat.

Prisoner. No I be a deacon.

Von Poff. Brisoner where do you live?

Prisoner. Why pretty much any where about in spots when I'aint to hum—an I wish to gracious you'd let me go. I'm tired of your eternal smoking.

Van Curlet. Brisoner you are suspected, and I shall send you under an escort to the great city of New Amsterdam, to be dealt with as the Council shall think broper.

Prisoner. I guess you hadn't best! If you send me away who's to plant the corn and the punkins and all the sarce, and get in the cider and du all the chores up there to hum, I'd like to know?

Boy. Daddy this here string hurts my shins and my wristesses—make 'em take it off daddy and be darned to it.

Van Curlet. Younger brisoner be silent—Zedekiah Hopkins—

Knickerbocker. Colonel I see strangers approaching the fortress—wouldn't it be well to muster the garrison?

Van Curlet. Hey! What! How! Enemies! Leftenant let the drummer beat the alarm—By all means—Dunder and Blixum where are dey? which way did you see 'em?

Knickerbocker. Here they are Colonel at the gate of the fort.

Von Poff. Der duyvel! and de gate wide open! we shall be taken by surprise!

[Enter three women, two white and one black; they advance towards the prisoners, while the soldiers and officers huddle together in great trepidation.]

First Woman. Why look-a-there now! If there aint our Zedekiah! Why Zedekiah Hopkins where have you been to, and what has kep you such a tarnation while?

Zedekiah. Well I guess its these ere Dutchmen what's kep me.

Van Curlet. Woman avoid! touch not the prisoner of deir High Mightinesses the States General.

Second Woman. Daddy what the plague have they tied up your hands that way for? Stand out of the way some on ye, and let me cut dad loose.

Van Curlet. Paws off woman—Help Knickerbocker—Captain Von Poffenburgh keep them off—Soldiers seize these women.

First Woman. Here goes then darn ye! Let 'em have it, our Sal.

[A regular row ensues, in which the three women succeed in driving the officers and soldiers, and liberating the prisoners, with whom they make their escape. Drop comes down in the midst of it.]

Kind and Complimentary.—A Virginia paper says "that Kean was perhaps the greatest actor of his day, and with one exception, (Charles Kemble,) is without a rival among the dead."

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.

We thought that the question was settled at last, and that nobody would be rash enough hereafter to profess incredulity, as to the real presence of the "great snake:" but alas for the uncertainty of human imaginings! The last Boston Traveller publishes a long communication from some sensible body without a name, which has thrown us all aback again. He says that he has lived in the immediate neighborhood of the places where the great serpent is said to have been visible, and after the most patient and laborious investigation, is perfectly satisfied that the snake is no snake at all, but only a swarm of Horse Mackerel! Confound you Mr. Anonymous! Why, we had made up our minds for a capture by Dr. Scudder at least, and there *were* moments when pleasant anticipations flitted across our souls, of a visit from the whole family! Your communication reads very reasonably we admit; but as Sheridan or some other great man said, we approve your candor, but have no great opinion of your politeness. The serpent himself is a much more courteous gentleman, for he makes it a rule to present himself just when he's most wanted. If he were to come in the dead of the winter, there would be no great sense in it, for then nobody goes to Nahant; all the world is too busy with sleighing, to run after fish or monsters of any description,—except upon dry land. Good people of Boston, and all along shore in that region! in the name of all that is charitable, do catch the serpent and put an end to our doubts; bait your hooks with a few Editors; they have all swallowed the snake, and perhaps he will return the compliment by swallowing one of them.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLBOYS.

The principal of a boarding school somewhere in the vicinity of New York among the other advantages and excellencies of his institution, advertises that even during play hours the boys are constantly under the eye of one of the teachers, and, to use his own phrase, "are never alone for a moment." Unfortunate boys! your condition is much to be pitied. We remember the time when we were in the full enjoyment of all the delights of going to school; what a nuisance it was to sit still for three mortal hours on a hard bench without ever a back to it, when we would much rather have been scampering over the fields, or if the weather was hot, sauntering leizurely under the shade of the beeches down by the side of the pleasant river, on the banks of which we first made acquaintance with the light of heaven We remember how cruel we thought it to be thus cooped up under the grim eye of the master, and what eager and joyous anticipations possessed our soul of the delights of freedom. when twelve o'clock, the most glorious hour of the whole twenty-four, should come at last and give us our liberty. Liberty! who does not know that to the schoolboy "dismissed" is the most heavenly word in the language? and that "after school" is the bright period of existence to which he looks forward as the only solace for all the miseries it is his hard lot to encounter in the shape of tasks. lessons, confinement, whippings, rapped knuckles and cut fingers? And now it seems the unfortunate rising generation are to be robbed of this one sweet morsel, and even their hours of play are to be passed under the *surveillance* of a master! What schoolboy with any pretensions to sensibility could go heartily into a game of marbles, or tag, or prisoner's base, or fly a kite, or trundle a hoop with the least spark of spirit, or do himself credit in a bout of fisty cuffs, under the eye of a pedagogue? Poor fellows! if this notion should become general, and all masters take it into their heads to keep up a perpetual watch over the urchins committed to their charge, we pity them from our souls, and most heartily thank the Gods that our schooldays were over before such a monstrous, atrocious and abominable device came into fashion.

"SLEEP NO MORE."

Macbeth

We noticed a few days since in one of the papers a half yard of advertisement, setting forth the especial merits of some villanous compound of "doctor's stuff," potent enough as the inventor assures the world, to cure any quantity of the ills to which flesh is heir, and among others "a propensity to sleep with which people are apt to be troubled," at the beginning of warm weather. We have seen and heard strange things in our day, and have come almost to the point of not wondering at any novel monstrosity brought to light by the march of improvement; but we must confess that what with moschetoes, heat, flies, black beetles, slugs, bugs, cockchafers and katydids, we do not find ourselves troubled with any propensity to sleep, so active as to require *medicine for its* prevention. Should there happen to be within the circle of our acquaintance any good christian whose case is of a different quality, and who imagines himself to stand in need of a potion that shall stave off sleep from his eyelids, we can give him a dose more certain in its effect than any drug in the whole *materia medica*; let him run moderately in debt, or turn Editor, and he will soon have but little reason to complain on the score of excessive somnolence.

PUNNING AGAINST TIME.

The following punning advertisement appeared in the Boston Transcript a few days ago. Mr Bigelow has been colloguing with Finn. If he is as clever at watch making as at punning, we suspect that he will keep "going" as long as a first-rate time piece; but if he will take our advice, he will mind how he works upon "tick," or his "wheels" will soon be in want of "oil," and he'll find himself under the "screws," with an ugly "balance" to profit and loss.

John B. Bigelow, watch maker and Jeweller, has great pleasure in announcing to his friends and the citizens of Framingham, that (having purchased the stock and stand of Mr J. G. Pierce) he is on the "verge" of commencing business in that place. Impressed that "time" is a "jewel" of the greatest value, that punctuality is the "main-spring of business, and the "key" to success in any enterprise, he will endeavor to "regulate" his actions so as ever to "escape" the charge of "tardiness." He thus opens his "case" to the public, and invites them to examine his "works;" and if it be his good fortune to rise in public favor he trusts it will be on the "pinions" of merit alone. He will "wind up" by saying he hopes he shall receive such a share of patronage as is the "maintaining power" of all honest efforts, and the "pivot" on which his success must "balance;" such as will keep the "wheels" of his industry in "motion" and prevent the "chain" of his affairs from "breaking" or coming to a "stop."

SUICIDE.

A gentleman from the island of Jamaica whence he arrived but a short time ago, put an end to his life by cutting his throat with a penknife on Tuesday evening. He was found the next morning dead on the floor of his room at the Adelphi Hotel, with the blade of the knife in his neck, and the handle lying by his side. He had been for some time laboring under great depression of spirits, occasioned by a severe domestic affliction. He had been prevailed on to visit Niblo's garden on the evening of his death, and was left by one of his friends at a late hour in a state of apparent tranquility.

Oh! horrible—Horrible.—It is stated in several distant papers, that a Saxon gentleman, who answers to the call of *Schauschashayonklesterstern*, is about to become a citizen of the United States.

There must be a mistake in this; the Saxon gentleman may be the proprietor of the name, but he never can answer to it, for we defy all the professors of elocution on this side of Kamschatka, Black Hawk included, to utter the half of it.

BLACK HAWK.

By the politeness of the Editors of the Mirror, we are enabled to decorate our columns this week with a wood cut, purporting to be an accurate likeness of MUCK-A-TAY MICH-E-KAW-KAIK, better known by the name of BLACK HAWK; an Indian Sagamore who, as our readers have probably heard, made some little disturbance on our north western frontier rather more than a year ago, and a much greater one in our own neighborhood within the last two months. Various matters of moment prevented us from attending the levee of the red monarch during his sojourn in New-York, and it has never been our good fortune to come within seeing distance of his nobility; we cannot therefore vouch for the fidelity of the resemblance from our own observation, but the Mirror assures us that it is the only correct likeness yet published, and assuming this to be the case, we must say that Mr. MUCK-A-TAY is about as ugly a little old infidel as one need to look upon, and we should as soon expect to find water in a bit of dry rotten wood, as extraordinary wisdom, courage, or magnanimity in the great Black Hawk. He may be uncommonly skilful however in taking off scalps, and we have no doubt can swallow as much brandy as any uncouth savage of them all. Of one thing we take it there can be no doubt; that the old warrior, if warrior he is, must have gone back to his squaw and his wigwam, with a very sufficient contempt for the intellectual qualities of his captors, whatever he may think of their power.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS.

The fourth part of this work which has just appeared sustains in the execution both of its engravings and biographical sketches the high character acquired by its predecessors. We are happy to learn, too, that the proprietors have been successful in their experiment of trusting for the reception of their work solely to its own merits—" without any ostentatious display of pretensions" as the American Review remarks.

We have heard it stated that the subscription list at present contains more than 3000 names, of which one half are furnished by the states of New York and New Jersey;—new lists of subscribers are constantly arriving from agents in the different cities and villages of our country. Nor is it only in those places where its value as a work of art would alone secure its favorable reception, that it is demanded. We have ourselves seen it in the remote hamlets of the "far west," in the hands of those who perhaps unable to appreciate it for those beauties which with us constitute its chief claim to our admiration, value it more highly for the nature of its contents—for the successful delineations it presents of the characters and features of the venerated dead to whose struggles in the cabinet and the field we owe our inheritance of our free institutions, as well as of the living great whose influence in maintaining those institutions in their purity, whether exerted in arts, in letters or in arms, they both under standand feel.

The general design of this work is borrowed from that of the British Portrait Gallery. For the adoption of the plan and its successful execution in the face of many not insignificant obstacles, we are indebted to Mr. Herring of this city. This gentleman having explained his views to the American Academy of Fine Arts, of which institution he is Secretary, received its unqualified approbation, and was authorized to announce the work as forthcoming under its auspices.

A prospectus was issued, and 1000 subscribers were speedily obtained. In this state of the affair Mr. H. was happy in meeting the co-operation of Mr. Longacre of Philadelphia, advantageously known as an engraver Mr. L. had entertained a design somewhat similar in general character, but not so well adapted in its details to secure success. The association thus formed was peculiarly fortunate as these gentlemen are distinguished in different departments of art, the one being a painter and the other an engraver. It is useless to express a wish for the success of this work—it is pledged to us in the ability of its conductors, and the extent to which that ability is already appreciated by the public. The subjects of the numbers already published, and of those announced as forthcoming, are admirably chosen, and if the proprietors adhere stedfastly to their purpose of admitting none but those who are emphatically *distinguished* Americans, if they can effectually resist the temptations that will beset their path to minister to the personal vanity of the ephemeral great with whom society abounds, and not a few of whom are destined to survive their greatness, they will erect an enduring monument alike honorable to themselves and the country.

The wandering piper, can't get along with the Bostonians upon the gratuitous system. They hearken to his pipings but don't pay. In the Patriot of Wednesday there is an advertisment setting forth that he would hold forth on that and the next day at Julien hall. *Admittance 25 cents*—children half price.

ORIGIN OF THE WELCHMAN'S LEEK.

In spite of Shakspeare, (who was deceived on the subject altogether,) we maintain the English version of the story to be a correct one:

"The Welch in olden days were so infested by Ourang Outangs, that they could obtain no peace night nor day, and not being themselves able to extirpate them, they invited the English to assist who came; but through some mistake killed several of the Welch themselves, so that in order to distinguish them from the monkeys, they desired them at last to stick leeks in their hats."

DR. SCUDDER AND THE SEA SERPENT.

Our Boston friends appear to be somewhat alarmed at the movements of Dr. Scudder, whose arrival in that goodly city with some nondescript apparatus, is announced in various of the newspapers. They seem to be laboring under an apprehension that the Dr. intends to rob them of their last lion—the Sea Serpent. If he should it would serve them right for their neglect of the wandering piper, whose musical exercitations have so far attracted more boys than tips, as the U. S. Gazette says. Now we think it rather ungenerous of the Bostonians to make any objection to the capture of one of their "monsters," seeing that they have at least four, by the most moderate of their own accounts, and forty if we may believe some of their scribblers. Their conduct in this matter reminds us of the dog in the manger—they'll neither capture the Serpent themselves nor allow any one else to do it. It would serve them right if our corporation were to send on a deputation to Nahant, and invite the "marine monster" to pay us a visit with all his young folks about him. They'll find plenty of room in our harbor, and tom-cods and flounders in abundance, with an occasional porpoise by way of a relish for Sundays.

BROOKSIANA.

Brooksiana! and why not as well as Johnsoniana, or Walpoliana, or Black Hawkiana? All the difference is, that Johnson and Walpole, and the red gentleman, gave out their good things *are rotundo*, (which we use, gentle reader, to signify "with their tongues") and our old friend Brooks, of the Winchester Republican, makes use of types like a good Christian, and one who eschews all useless exertion. We are in general careful in our vocation, to call for our customers only such capital bits of waggery or intelligence, as have not already been scattered abroad in the highways of this newspaper-reading world, and many a choice morsel have we been fain to pass by with a sorrowful heart, because it has been nibbled at by some two or three thousand of our cotemporaries. But to return to the green bonnet: our friend Brooks has lately committed a couple of sweet bits which have triumphed over our rule; they are as savory as a lobster-salad, and we cannot find in our hearts to give them the go-by, even although they have been copied in every direction; perchance ten of our readers have not met with them, and for the sake of those ten, we will encounter the risk of serving up to the remaining three thousand, a dish that has already lain on their tables. It were a thing to be repented of in sackcloth and ashes, should any respectable citizen go down to his grave, without having taken a bath after the prescription of our quizzical mentor, who holds forth in the very heart of the Old Dominion.

How to bathe.—As Mr. Stackhouse has fitted up a bathing establishment, we think that we cannot do better than to throw a little light on the philosophy of bathing, for which, reader, we expect your particular thanks. Now that the summer has come, "refreshing earth, reviving all but *man*," your head aches, and you feel occasionally drowsy, languid and uncomfortable. Take a warm bath; it will relieve you in a hour. But take it in the proper way—

"When 'tis done, 'twere well
It were *not* done *quickly*"—

for in this lies the mischief of warm bathing. A man generally posts to a bath as if he were carrying an express or running away from a broom-stick. He is out of breath and in a perspiration on his arrival. He undresses himself in a great hurry, souses his body in the hot water, kicks about for five minutes, emerges with every pore open, puts on his garments, looks complacently in the mirror, and thinks he has taken a bath! No such thing—he has taken nothing but a cold! In one hour he begins to sneeze, and the next day commences coughing, and curses the bath. Philosophy grieves over his folly, but will not relieve his nose and lungs. Why did the bath give him a cold? Because he was in a perspiration when he went into the water, which said perspiration was increased by the heat, and checked as soon as he raised "pia-dum caput (it should be *corpus*] unda" into the colder medium of the air. The order of nature must be revered to prevent a man from taking cold under such circumstances.

Now, reader, we will tell you how to take a bath. In the first place, pay your note, if it is due—or if you cannot do that, let it be protested and think no more about it. If you have any quarrel on hand, whip or get whipped at once—tranquility of mind is all important in rendering the warm bath beneficial. Walk leisurely to the establishment and disrobe yourself with moderate haste. You may have the water hot enough to parboil you, if you choose—that is left to your own taste. In with you, and to beguile the time read a novel or smoke a cigar—taking care however, to keep the cigar above the water, if you dont, it will go out. In about half an hour the water will cool to nearly the temperature of the air, and you will have gone gradually and safely through half a dozen climates. You will have left the torrid for the temperate zone. Then let in the cold water, very slowly, almost drop by drop, and in the course of twenty minutes, you will find yourself in a cold bath. Your pores will have closed gradually and moderately, your sensations will be exquisite during the process, and you will feel strength and elasticity in every limb. You emerge from the cold water into the warmer air—dry your body thoroughly with a coarse towel, and feel like a new man. It is an impossibility for you to take cold; if you do, you are at liberty to come and box our ears for giving you bad advice, or you may go on foot to Duvall's springs and bring us a glass of sulphur water, which we will swallow by way of compromise.

To know how to bathe is something; how to keep cool is another deep branch of metaphysics, and we have faith in the advice of the learned Doctor of Winchester.

Advice to hot people.—Now-a-days nobody is cool—every face is as red as a beet, and every man's blood is hot enough to boil an egg. What is to be done! *Imprimis*, keep your temper—it will never do to get into a passion at this season—preserve your wrath till the first frost, and you may then blaze away as much as you please. Secondly, rise early—even before the sun, and enjoy his astonishment at seeing himself beat. Wash your whole body, put on clean linen, and take a walk of twenty minutes and fifteen seconds. Don't jump out of the way at any sudden alarm—it is much better to be quietly run over by a cart or two than to jump into a fever. Sit down to your breakfast moderately—don't bolt into your chair as if you were thrown out of a third story window. Drink no coffee, it is too heating—tea or milk you may take in any quantity; but eat no meat as you eschew caloric—every mouthful is an incipient firebrand. After breakfast, proceed slowly to your place of business. If any thing has gone wrong, don't scold—scolding is allowed only in winter. If you meet any friends on the way, give a gentle look of recognition, but do not bow or say "good morning"—talking is very exciting. If you can conveniently meet with a little misfortune, do so—melancholy is very cooling, and what is more, it makes others cool *towards* you.—You gain considerable comfort from their icy *reflection*.

"As the day grows warm and high, you become thirsty. You are afraid to drink cold water—you therefore mix a little brandy (or a good deal) with it to prevent any bad consequences—you put in it a lump of ice, and quaff it off without ceremony.—You goose! cold brandy and water, taken suddenly into your stomach, is just as dangerous as cold water—so is cold punch—cold any thing else—so would a parcel of *live coals* be, if you could freeze them. Your best beverage is claret and water—you may cool it if you please, but you must sip it very gradually. We mean real *bona fide* claret—none of your poke berry juice, which is absolute poison.

Do not eat much dinner—animal food puts the lion in a fever, and so will it serve man. If you find that you have much appetite, eat a lump of sugar, or take a walk into the kitchen, just before the table is set. The best thing for you is a little hash and mashed potatoes—it saves a great deal of labor for the jaws. You may smoke two segars afterwards—the smoke warms your mouth, and causes a rush of air into it which overbalances the artificial heat. In the evening you may read a novel or listen to music—it must be slow music, however—the "Dead March in Saul," or something like it.—"Yankee Doodle" would put you in a fever in five minutes. Go to bed early—leave your windows open—the free, pure air never harms any body that is used to it, and if you are not, it is high time that you were. Take as many airs upon you as you can—the hen perches all the summer night upon the fence and takes no cold. Are you not ashamed to be more delicate than a hen?

MUSIC AND MIDNIGHT.

A torn-out leaf from a young Man's Diary—written up every night.

WEDNESDAY, 11th July.—MIDNIGHT.

Well,—I have passed a delightful evening, amidst beauty and minstrelry.

My appetite for music seems absolutely gluttonous! for like the cows, it feeds twice on the same food. Here I sit at midnight—chewing the cud of recollection and enjoying again the delicious sounds on which I feasted three hours ago. Certainly Juliet sings with charming taste and still more exquisite feeling. How delightful is the breath of song when, like a blush, we know that the charm springs up warm from the heart. Woman never looks so like the angels she was modelled from, as when she breathes her soul in music.

"For she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
"At once sends it home to the heart when she sings."

It is fortunate for us established bachelors that there are a few of these gifted beauties yet unclaimed by that monopolizing rascal, Master Cupid,—a very Turk, in all but the beard, for he holds more lovely captives than all the harems of the East. He is an unfledged Juan—no, not unfledged, for his wings are full feathered and his pinions soar more loftily than the Eagle's, for he takes aim at the highest of the "dear little angels" that fly about us with big sleeves and little ankles. But Juliet says she never was in love! Tut, I've heard 'em swear so, at the very moment of being asked in church for the third time.

TO JULIET.

In vain, lovely Juliet, thy sweet lips disclaims
All passion,—and vows that love yet is unknown:
Has the eye, that with *sparks* has lit so many *flames*,
Met no eye whose smiles it would blend with its own!

Can that heart, whose emotion thy sweet voice unfolds,
Pourtray such warm feelings, yet never have felt?
Has thy form, that's as pure as the true sculptor moulds,
Kept cold as the image, while thousands have knelt?

I did not expect thee to *name* the loved one,—
But to love,—when so lovely and loved,—is a duty!
And I judge of thy heart, by thy power o'er my own,
Then pardon the doubting, for faith wronged thy beauty.

It never was meant that a heart such as thine,
Should dwell in this world, like the Phœnix, alone:
And nature could never those dark eyes design,
To sparkle like diamonds, yet prove to be stone!

To one so much courted and admired, I fear all sentimental poetry is in vain,—though unfortunately it is not in *my* veins! and so sweet Juliet, fare ye well.

"I grieve, as I look on my hunchback, heigho!
"That I'm not a good figure for Romeo."

I wonder if I could recollect the words of that "Missletoe Bough," sung by the man with straight hair and curling nose;—as the Frenchman says to Billy Fudge.

——— by Gar, I must say,
"Dat both look much better, it turned t'other way!"

Sentimentals I find are dangerous indulgencies, and that lovely pipe runs strangely in my head. That song of Pedrotti's was sublime,—so I'll just take the one step, and have a touch at the ridiculous. It's getting on for 2 o'clock.

OH! MY PRETTY BOW WOW!

A pathetic imitation of "the Missletoe Bough."

The flannel was wrapt round his gouty foot,
Which was placed in a very large shoe to boot.
With his arm-chair well pillowed,—the Doctor about,
With his nurse and his dog, and a fit of the gout.
The doctor beheld with a doctor's pride,
The long range of phials, thus neck'd, and wide:
And the alderman patted his favorite Pug,
But the gout gave a twinge, and he cried with a shrug,
Oh! 'tis in my little toe, now!
Oh! 'tis in my little toe, now!

"I'm weary of physic,—and noise,—for now,—hark;
"That dog gives me both, for he'll "*whine and bark*:"
"Ah! puppy,—be sure you're the first!—far or near,
"I hear all your noise, which an-noys my ear.
"Then he poked at his pet, and away he flew,
"And he ran to some queer place which no one knew;
"'till the old man cried, "Puggy,—come back for I fear,
"I shall more dogged be, if my dog's not here.
Oh! my pretty bow, wow!
Oh! my pretty bow, wow!

They sought in the kennel,—they looked on the rug,
They searched all the cupboards—but found not the Pug.
In the garret,—the cellar,—the watering po,
They feared he'd got drowned,—but it was not so.
For years to come 'twas the old man's way,
To look 'mongst the puppies that walk Broadway,
But when they came near him, the old man swore,
"These wr-tch on *two* legs,—but *my* Pug had *four*!
The gout's in my little toe now!
The gout's in my little toe now!

At length to dispense his grief's te-di-um,
He went just to peep in the Mu-se-um!
He stared! he felt faint! then he wiped his face,
He saw!—yes,—'twas Pug! in a large glass case!
Oh! hard were the eggs he had eaten that day,
That would not digest 'ere he he ran away;
He fell! for he ran on 'till *out of breath*,—
Thus he lived but to stuff,—and was stuff'd at his death!
Oh! my pretty bow wow!
Oh! my pretty bow wow!

As it should be.—One Joseph Matthews, "down east," who advertised his spouse in "due form of law," was induced to publish the following:—"Whereas my wife Irena, like Noah's dove, has returned to my bed, and behaves as a pleasant wife—this is, therefore, to revoke my former advertisement."

RENT DAY

"Oh ullagone, ullagone! this is a wide world, but what will we do in it, or where will we go?" muttered Bill Doody, as he sat on a rock by the Lake of Killarney. "What will we do! to-morrow's rent-day, and Tim the Driver swears if we don't pay up our rent, he'll cant ever *ha garth* we have; and then sure enough, there's Judy and myself, and the poor little childers will be turned out to starve on the high road, for the never a halfpenny of rent have I!—Oh hone, that ever I should live to see this day.

Thus did Bill Doody bemoan his hard fate, pouring his sorrows to the reckless waves of the most beautiful of lakes, which seemed to mock his misery as they rejoiced beneath the cloudless sky of a May morning. That lake, glittering in sunshine, sprinkled with fairy isles of rock and verdure, and bounded by giant hills of ever-varying tints, might with its magic beauty, charm all sadness but despair; for alas,

"How ill the scene that offers rest
And heart that cannot rest agree!"

Yet Bill Doody was not so desolate as he supposed; there was one listening to him he little thought of, and help was at hand from a quarter he could not have expected.

"What's the matter with you, my poor man?" said a tall portly-looking gentleman, at the same time stepping out of a furze brake. Now Bill was seated on a rock that commanded the view of a large field. Nothing in the field could be concealed from him, except this furze brake, which grew in a hollow, near the margin of the lake. He was, therefore, not a little surprised at the gentleman's sudden appearance, and began to question whether the personage before him belonged to this world or not. He, however, soon mustered courage sufficient to tell him how his crops had failed, how some bad member had charmed away his butter, and how Tim the Driver threatened to turn him out of the farm if he did'nt pay up every penny of the rent by twelve o'clock next day.

"A sad story, indeed," said the stranger; "but surely, if you represented the case to your landlord's agent, he won't have the heart to turn you out."

"Heart, your honor! where would an agent get a heart" exclaimed Bill. "I see your honor does not know him: besides, he has an eye on the farm this long time for a fosterer of his own; so I expect no mercy at all, at all, only to be turned out."

"Take this, my poor fellow, take this," said the stranger, pouring a purse full of gold into Bill's old hat, which in his grief he had flung on the ground. "Pay the fellow your rent, but I'll take care it shall do him no good. I remember the time when things went otherwise in this country, when I would have hung up such a fellow in the twinkling of an eye!"

These words were lost upon Bill, who was insensible to every thing but the sight of the gold, and before he could unfix his gaze, and lift up his head to pour his hundred thousand blessings, the stranger was gone. The bewildered peasant looked a round in search of his benefactor, and at last he thought he saw him riding on a white horse a long way off on the lake.

"O'Donoghue, O'Donoghue!" shouted Bill, "the good, the blessed O'Donoghue!" and he ran capering like a madman to show Judy the gold, and to rejoice her heart with the prospect of wealth and happiness.

The next day Bill proceeded to the agent's: not sneakingly, with his hat in his hand, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his knees bending under him; but bold and upright, like a man conscious of his independence.

"Why don't you take off your hat, fellow; don't you know you are speaking to a magistrate?" said the agent.

"I know I'm not speaking to the king, sir," said Bill; "and I never takes off my hat but to them I can respect and love. The Eye that sees all, knows I've no right either to respect or love an agent!"

"You scoundrel!" retorted the man in office, biting his lips with rage at such an unusual and unexpected opposition, "I'll teach you how to be insolent again!—I have the power;—remember!"

"To the cost of the country I know you have," said Bill, who still remained with his head as firmly covered as if he was the lord Kingsale himself.

"But, come," said the magistrate; "have you got the money for me?—this is rent day. If there's one penny of it wanting, or the running gale that's due, prepare to turn out before night,—for you shall not remain another hour in possession."

"There is your rent," said Bill,—with an unmoved expression of tone and countenance, "you'd better count it, and give me a receipt in full for the running gale and all."

The agent gave a look of amazement at the gold: for it was gold—real guineas! and not bits of dirty ragged small notes, that are only

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

THE LION.

M. Felix, the keeper of the animals in Paris, some years ago brought two Lions, a male and female, to the national menagerie. About the beginning of the following June, he was taken ill, and could no longer attend the Lions; and another person was under the necessity of performing this duty. The male, sad and solitary, remained from that moment constantly seated at the end of his cage, and refused to take food from the stranger, whose presence was hateful to him, and whom he often menaced by bellowing. The company even of the female seemed now to displease him; and he paid no attention to her. The uneasiness of the animal afforded a belief that he was really ill; but no one dared to approach him. At length Felix recovered; and, with intention to surprise the Lion, he crawled softly to the cage, and showed only his face between the bars: the Lion, in a moment, made a bound, leaped against the bars, patted him with his paws, licked his hands and face, and trembled with pleasure. The female also ran to him; but the Lion drove her back, and seemed angry; and, fearful that she should snatch any favors from Felix, a quarrel was about to take place; but Felix entered the cage to pacify them. He caressed them by turns; and was afterwards frequently seen betwixt them. He had so great a command over these animals, that whenever he wished them to separate and retire to their cages, he had only to give the order; when he had a desire that they should lie down, and show strangers their paws or throats, on the least sign they would throw themselves on their backs, hold up their paws one after another, open their throats, and as a recompense, obtain the favor of licking his hand.

THE HYENA.

The following is a remarkable instance of the enormous powers of these animals. The den of a Spotted Hyæna in the Tower wanted some repairs. These the carpenter completed by nailing on the floor a thick oak plank, seven or eight feet in length, with at least a dozen nails, each longer than the middle finger of the hand. Atone end of this plank there was, however, a small piece left that stood up higher than the rest: and the man not having a proper chisel with him to cut it off returned to his shop for one. During his absence some persons came in to see the animals, and the Hyæna was let down by the keeper from the other part of his den. He had scarcely been in the place an instant, before he espied the piece that was left at the end of the plank, and seizing it with his teeth, he tore the plank completely up, drawing every nail.

THE HOUND.

The following anecdotes afford a strong proof of the wonderful spirit of the Hound, in supporting a continuance of exertion. Many years since, a very large stag was turned out of Whimfield Park, in the county of Westmorland; and was pursued by the Hounds, till, by fatigued or accident, the whole pack was thrown out except two staunch and favorite Dogs, which continued the chase during the greatest part of the day. The stag returned to the park from which he set out; and, as his last effort, leapt the wall, and immediately expired. One of the Hounds pursued him to the wall; but, being unable to get over, he lay down, and almost immediately afterwards died: the other was also found dead at a little distance. The length of this chase is uncertain; but, as they were seen at Redkirks, near Annan in Scotland (distant, by the post-road, about forty-six miles,) it is conjectured that the circuitous course they took could not have measured less than *one hundred and twenty miles!*

In the year 1795, in Cambridgeshire, on two foxes being found, the Hounds divided, and fifteen couple and a half (which pursued one of the foxes) are supposed to have run nearly thirty miles, in about an hour and three quarters.

THE CAT.

A boy (Mr. White says) brought to him three young squirrels which had been taken from their nest. These little creatures he put under a Cat that had recently lost her kittens; and he found that she nursed and suckled them with the same assiduity and affection as if they had been her own progeny. So many persons, however, went to see the little squirrels suckled by a Cat, that the foster-mother became jealous of her charge, and in pain for their safety; and therefore hid them over the ceiling, where one of them died.

Some years ago a sympathy of this nature took place, in the house of Mr. James Greenfield of Maryland, betwixt a *Cat and a Rat*. The Cat had kittens, to which she frequently carried mice and other small animals for food; and among the rest she is supposed to have carried to them a young rat. The kittens, probably not being hungry, played with it; and when the Cat gave suck to them, the rat likewise sucked her. This having been observed by some of the servants, Mr. Greenfield was informed of it. He had the kittens and rat brought down stairs and put on the floor; and in carrying them off, the Cat was remarked to convey away the young rat as tenderly as she did any of the kittens. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the house, till a great number of persons had become eye-witnesses of the extraordinary affection.

NEW BOOKS.

Boy's and Girl's Library, No. 14—J. & J. Harper.—This is a very capital little volume, and interesting withal. Its contents are authentic narratives of perils of the sea, such as shipwrecks, burnings, &c. &c., and as there is nothing more grateful to the appetites of juvenile readers in general than accounts of these moving accidents, we are glad to see a volume of them selected and prepared expressly for boys and girls, with particular reference to improvement and instruction as well as entertainment.

Miserrimus.—J. & J. Harper.—This is a singular title, and the work to which it belongs is quite *sui generis*. It is a tale of vehement and unbridled passion, full of energy and startling incident, and no less remarkable for the novelty and boldness of the conception than for the abrupt vigor of the style. The appearance of the work has occasioned it seems a certain commotion in the literary circles of London, and the reviewers are puzzling their brains to find out the author. We have a guess of our own on the subject, and think it tells little for the sagacity of the cockneys that they have not detected the author of Pelham in every page of Miserrimus.

Memoirs of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth.—By the author of a 'Yankee among the Nullifiers'—2 vols. Peter Hill. This is a whimsical extravaganza, full of broad and rather course humor, and, we have no doubt, will find favor in the eyes of such readers as are more anxious for strength than delicacy of flavor in their intellectual feastings.

South Carolina Challenge—a forgery.

It appears by Skinner's Turf Register of this month, that the challenge published in April last from "Julia," "Bertrand Junr.," and other South Carolina Nags, for $80,000 a side, is altogether a fabrication.

Noble blood made by Fiddling.—Mr. Janks of the Nantucket Inquirer, says—"Paganini has fiddled himself into a title of nobility. He has been created a German Baron—a Commander of Westphalia; the honor to be hereditary; going down to posterity according to the rules of primogeniture. His escutcheon should be ornamented with a catgut cord couchant, a horsetail rampant and a fiddle-stick salient." What will the real bloods think of the new order of things!

TROTTING—CATO AND ROLLA.

We mentioned in our last, that a match between these namesakes of the Roman and Peruvian Heroes, was to take place on Thursday, at the Centreville Course.

The match came off according to agreement and though the knowing ones were taken in, the sport, as we anticipated, was excellent. Rolla went in harness, and Cato under saddle. The race was decided in three two mile heats,—Cato giving Rolla a hundred yards on *coming out*. This we consider a bad plan, as the rider or driver being unable measure the hundred yards by his eye, is unable to to tell whether he is ahead of the given distance or otherwise, and consequently, does not know whether to save his horse, or let him go. Notwithstanding the advantage thus given to Rolla, the betting was altogether in favor of Cato, who, throughout the first two miles, took and kept the lead, and won the first heat in 5m. 15sec.

In the second heat Cato did the first mile in 2m 3½ sec. which is making great time,—but Rolla continued to win upon him, and ultimately took the heat in 5m. 28s.

This was a result totally unlooked for by the knowing ones, who had sported freely on Cato,—but since his last public trotting, Rolla has wonderfully improved, and they who thought it was a soft match for Cato, found themselves like losing men in general—on the wrong side of the Post. The third heat was also won by Rolla in 5m. 27s. who carried away the stakes triumphantly. Though Rolla thus proved himself a very fine trotter, yet when the distance given, and the time of the 1st mile, (second heat,) are taken into consideration, it is very evident that Cato is a better horse than many think him.

WHAT IS A SPORTSMAN.

Messrs. Editors:—As yours is what is generally called a sporting paper, I should be pleased if you will accurately define the meaning of the word *Sportsman*.

I have often heard it used in a sense exactly synonymous with *Gambler* or *Black leg*.

In company a few evenings ago, it was asked,—"What does that old grey-headed, decent-looking man do for a living? I have known him about thirty years—he always dresses well, but appears to have no business. Is he a man of fortune? Or by what means does he keep up such a respectable appearance?"

The answer was, "Why, don't you know *him?* He is a *sporting* character; one of the most notorious *sportsmen* in teis city."

"Indeed!" was the reply, "I am surprised at that! I never saw him out. Is he a good shot?—where does he hunt? He must surely have a preserve of his own, and confine himself pretty much to it: for in all my excursions round New York, I have never fallen in with him."

"O you mistake the meaning of the word,"—rejoined the communicative man, "I don't mean that he is a *gunner*, but a *gambler*. The term sportsman is now used in a very extensive signification; and is applied to fellows who live by their wits at Horse Races, Trotting matches, Cock pits, Faro Banks, Brag parties, and Billiard rooms. Chaps, who dress fashionably, and look demure, who chuckle at every foolish thing uttered by an intended victim, and shake hands with every young man of wealth with whom they can venture to take the liberty. Men who either keep a prostitute, or are kept by one. Sly dogs, who sit in a public bar-room, listening to the unguarded conversation of any open-hearted souls, who may be giving their opinions upon subjects not universally understood: and ready in an instant to doubt the accuracy of some particular statement which they *know* to be erroneous, and to back their own notion with a bet, which *they are sure* to win. This is the general idea of a "Sportsman" now-a-days."

Alas! what a falling off from the meaning attached to it in the olden time! when every thing noble, manly, free, generous, and honorable, was comprehended in the name, which high-born gentlemen were proud to own, and which none *but gentlemen* were entitled to bear. Now, Messrs. Editors, do inform me how this perversion of so respectable an appellative has been brought about: and endeavor to restore it to its proper rank in the language. Strip the garb of Virtue from the back of Vice, and let her naked form, with all its foul blotches and hideous features, be exposed to public detestation and abhorrence; and so do something towards preventing the inexperienced of our citizens, whether young or old, from falling victims to the plans of villains, who not only "smile and smile, and murder while they smile," but who put on those smiles for the *express purpose* of robbing. (aye, and murdering too, if necessary for their own security) the simple-hearted objects of their artful sycophancy.

DELTA.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a foreign Vocalist like a convicted felon?
Because he's sent out to Sing, Sing.
Why is a modern song like a naked Cupid?
Because its a *new-ditty*.—(nudity.)

Why are our conundrums like men notoriously insolvent?

Because they can't get credit.—All, or at least most of our fellow laborers in the editorial vineyard, seem to consider them as lawful plunder. —Steal any thing else from us, but spare our conundrums!

THE LAMENT OF ONE WHO "CAN GET NO EMPLOY."

So woe-be-gone a gentleman
I'm sure you never knew,
I am a wretch that has not got
A single thing to do!

I never drink,—for I have not
A grain of sense to spare,
I never smoke:—poor earthly joy!
It all dissolves in air.

I never swear—I reckon that
The stupidest of sins;
I will not game—I've nought to lose,
And no one ever wins!

I cannot swim—my system has
A tendency to cramp!
I never sail,—that getting drown'd
Does always strike so damp!

I will not skate—and in July,
I could not if I chose;
I take no snuff—for truly mine
Is not a hungry nose.

I cannot study—for my head's
The worst of thoroughfares;
I never hunt—I hold my life
Worth thirty thousand hares.

I never shoot—my poulterer's boy
Does all that dirty work:
I h-te all politics—the Greek,
The Russian, and the Turk.

I never dance;—what! bob my legs,
And bounce about the floor!
I never sing—a singing man's
A nuisance and a bore.

I play no fiddle—squalls and squeals
Will not repay one's labours;
Nor whining flute—what right have I
To tantalise my neighbours?

I can't compose—I cannot see
Where lies an author's bliss;
Compose! why, bless my foolish pen!
Why, only look at this!

PHILOLOGY.

The Standard of Thursday in describing a robbery committed upon the person of a laborer who had accidentally taken rather too much whiskey, says that he was *encumbered* by two black women, who stripped him of all his money and the greater part of his clothes, and then kicked him out of doors: now we should rather have called this relieving the poor fellow from his encumbrances; but people *will* use different words to express the same things. The same paper, on Monday classed the crows first among quadrupeds, and then, by way of being a little more particular, among the wild beasts. We thought of suggesting to the facetious editors that quadrupeds have four legs, but upon second thoughts we concluded to let it alone; they converted a number of good christians into little porpoises not long ago, and after that we are clear for letting them have their own way.

Heavy Damages.—In the case of Frances Guerin v: Wm. A. Strozzi, for Crim Con the Jury awarded $10,000. It was tried before Chief Justice Jones in the Superior Court on Wednesday last.—The plaintiff is a confectioner, and the defendant a Teacher of Languages.

OPOSSUM HUNTING IN INDIANA.

From an unpublished work, about to be issued in the West:—

One day, as I was leisurely riding along through a heavily timbered district, I came suddenly upon a lad apparently between ten and twelve years old. I had passed no house for many miles, and could see no 'clearing' in any direction around me. I was surprised to find such a mere child alone in such a wilderness. I dismounted, and approached him. He stood at the foot of a dead tree, from a hole among the roots of which every now and then issued a tremendous growl. He turned his eyes upon me for a moment, as I neared him, and I was struck with the intelligence of his countenance, and his apparent indifference at the approach of a stranger. He had a certain waggish look, and on the whole I was satisfied that he had seen travellers before, and, that notwithstanding his youth he knew perfectly well what he was about. He was armed with a long stick, or pole sharpened at one end which he was very dexterously but most unceremoniously, thrusting into the hole whence proceeded the terrible growling that had at first arrested my attention.

'What have you' my boy?" enquired I, after surveying him for a few moments.

'A stick, if I know,' replied the urchin, turning up as quizzical an eye as can be found in a thousand, and then giving the occupant of the hole a tremendous punch, which brought forth a growl that made the woods reverberate.

'And a pretty sharp one too, if I know,' responded I, smiling. 'But what have you treed?"

'I have a 'possum *holed*,' replied the boy, giving a second arch look, and another tremendous punch.

'I should rather think you had him *halved*, said I stooping down and peeping into the burrow.

'Do you belong in these here parts?,' asked he, eyeing me attentively, though with something of a leer, as before.

'I do not, sir.'

'You're a traveller, looking at the land, 'specten to purchase, if I know,' continued the boy.

'*Specten to purchase*' It cannot be the imp of a band of robbers, thought I, wishing to sound my purse. But I almost immediately replied, 'A traveller, though not on a land speculating tour, if I know.'

'You never lived in the woods, I know,' said he.

'I never did. But how do you know that?"

'I think so. An you never hunted 'possums?'

'No—never.'

'I thought that too.' Why, 'he continued, dropping his pole, and assuming a look of some importance,—'when you've been as long in these here back woods as me, you won't talk of *halving* a 'possum in its hole. They've more lives nor a cat, and I might stand here till harvest and punch, and be no better off. Wait a minute or two, and I'll show you how to hole a 'possum, a little the slickest.'

Saying this, he took a large jacknife from one of his pockets, and an arrow head flint from another, and heaping together a few pieces of spunk, or dry rotten wood, he struck, and in the course of ten minutes had a 'pretty smart' fire kindled at the mouth of the 'possum's hole. This, he said, was for the purpose of 'smoking him out." Pleased with the boy's activity, and the almost manliness of his every action, I seated myself at a short distance, to watch his movements.

'The tree may burn, and your horse may get scared and break away, if I know,' said he, 'and you had better look out.'

But before I had time to look around, a large 'possum galloped passed me. The young Hosheroon,'—however, was close in the rear, and the animal's flight was soon stopped: for no sooner did it feel the weight of the boy's stick, now that it had emerged to the light, where its movement's could be seen, than it dropped down, and keeled over onits side, to all appearance dead.

'That was a well aimed blow, my boy,' said I, 'But ithain't done much, though, if I know,' said he, with a knowing shake of the head.

'Why you have killed the animal,' said I, 'and what more do you want?'

'I want to *halve* it,' replied he, not yet forgetting my witticism, and with an arch smile, which I did not exactly comprehend.

'And if you'll hold it up by the hind legs for a moment, I'll show you how we do these things back here.'

I assented, though not without some fears of his waggery, and he again whipped out his jacknife. But the blade had hardly found its way through the animal's skin, when I flung the opossum over my head to the distance of twenty feet, and jumped nearly as far in an opposite direction. The truth was, I soon felt the animal's cold tail against my wrist, and looking down, saw its eyes glaring, its jaws extended, and its back curving to a degree that would soon have brought its mouth in very close neighborhood with my hands. I thought it best to get rid of such a dead charge, as soon as possible; and in less than no time,' as the young Hosheroon would say, I and the opossum were something like a distance of forty feet apart. The boy had anticipated the result; and seizing a club, he bounded after his enemy, and brought it to its back again, "as dead as ever." He then turned round and enjoyed a hearty laugh, at my expense, apologizing, however, by 'sposing I'd pardon him, as it mought have been dead.' And, though I was not ignorant of the character of the animal, dead I certainly thought it was, after receiving such an unmerciful punching, and such a blow as the young Hercules had given it when it emerged from its hole.

'I presume it is dead now,' said I, again approaching.

"As dead as it was afore, if I know," answered the boy. "Why, these here things has fifty lives, and will sometimes run after their heads is off. I understand managing 'em well, though, and if you ain't in too big a hurry, and 'll wait a leetle bit longer. I'll show you *how* to kill 'em."

'But this is *certainly* dead,' said I, turning it over two or three times with my foot.

'As dead as it was afore, and I'll show you, if I know,' replied the boy, as he moved off in the direction of the fire he had kindled to 'smoke out' the possum. He soon returned with a live coal stuck in a split stick; and opening the jaws of the animal, he forced the fire into his mouth and held it there till the dead came to life, and began to scamper away again. I now expressed myself satisfied that it was *not* dead, and he quickly pursued and overtook his victim. Again it was stretched upon the ground, and the young 'Hoosheroon' began his preparations for its *execution*. He cut a forked limb from a sapling, and sharpened the prongs. This he placed over the possum, one of the prongs on each side, and driving them into the earth, thus confined the animal so that it could not possibly escape. He then took his jack-knife, and proceeded with great deliberation, to sever the animal's head from its body. Its struggles were great, but availed it nothing; and in a few minutes it was not only *halved* but quartered too, and its different parts were scattered over the ground.

It was near night, and I accompanied the youth to his home, which was about a mile distant from the scene of the preceding exploit, where I was made 'comfortable' till the next morning. I thought the little fellow had performed quite a heroic action, worthy of being recorded, as illustrative of the character and habits of the back-woods youth. His parents, however, seemed to look upon it as a common affair; and his mother chid him that he had not taken an axe with him, instead of going and butchering the animal so unmercifully.

THE DIGNITY BALL.

There was, however, one thing I had heard so much of, that I was anxious to witness it, which was a *dignity ball*. But I must enter a little into explanation, or my readers will not understand me. The coloured people of Barbadoes, for reasons best known to themselves, are immoderately proud, and look upon all the negroes who are born on other Islands as *niggers*; they have also an extraordinary idea of their own bravery, although I never heard that it has ever been put to the proof. The free Barbadians are, most of them, very rich, and hold up their heads as they walk with an air quite ridiculous. They ape the manners of the Europeans, at the same time that they appear to consider them as almost their inferiors. Now, a *dignity ball* is a ball given by the most consequential of their coloured people, and from the amusement and various other reasons, is generally well attended by the officers both on shore and afloat. The price of the tickets of admission was high—I think they were half a joe, or eight dollars each.

The governor sent out cards for a grand ball and supper for the ensuing week, and Miss Betsy Austin, a quadroon woman, ascertaining the fact, sent out her cards for the same evening. This was not altogether in *rivalry*, but for another reason, which was, that she was aware that most of the officers and midshipmen of the ships would obtain permission to go to the governor's ball, and preferring her's, would slip away and join the party, by which means she ensured a full attendance.

We found the door of Miss Austin's house open and ornamented with orange branches, and on our presenting ourselves were accosted by a mulatto gentleman, who was, we presumed, "usher of the black rod." His head was well powdered, he was dressed in white jean trowsers, a waistcoat not six inches long, and a half-worn post-captain's coat on, as a livery. With a low bow, he "took the liberty to trouble de gentlemen for de card for de ball," which being produced, we were ushered on to the ball-room, at the door of which Miss Austin was waiting to receive her company. She made us a low curtesy, observing, "She really happy to see de *gentlemen* of de ship, but hoped to see the *officers* also at her *dignity*."

This remark touched our *dignity*, and one of my companions replied "that we midshipmen considered ourselves officers, and no *small* ones either, and that if she waited for the lieutenants she must wait until they were tired of the governor's ball, we having given the preference to her's.

This remark set all to rights, sangaree was handed about, and I looked around at the company. I must acknowledge, at the risk of losing the good opinion of my fair countrywomen, that I never saw before so many pretty figures and faces. The *officers* not having yet arrived, we received all the attention, and I was successively presented to Miss Eurydice, Miss Minerva, Miss Sylvia, Miss Aspasia, Miss Euterpe, and many others, evidently borrowed from the different men-of-war which had been on the station. All these young ladies gave themselves all the airs of Almack's. Their dresses I cannot pretend to describe—jewels of value were not wanting, but their drapery was slight: they appeared neither to wear or to require stays, and on the whole, their figures were so perfect that they could only be ill-dressed by having on too much dress. A few more midshipmen and some lieutenants (O'Brien among the number) having made their appearance, Miss Austin directed that the ball should commence. I requested the honor of Miss Eurydice's hand in a cotillion which was to open the ball. At this moment stepped forth the premier violin, master of the ceremonies and ballet-master, Massa Johnson, really a very smart man, who gave lessons in dancing to all the "Badian ladies." He was a dark quadroon, his hair slightly powdered, dressed in a light blue coat thrown well back, to show his lilly-white waistcoat, only one button of which he could afford to button to make full room for the pride of his heart, the frill of his shirt, which was inclined *an Jabot Superb*, four inches wide, and extending from his collar to the waistband of his nankeen tights, which were finished off at his knees with huge bunches of ribbon; his legs were encased in silk stockings, which, however, was not very good taste on his part, as they showed the manifest advantage which an European has over a colored man in the formation of the leg; instead of being straight, his shin curved like a cheese-knife, and moreover, his leg was planted into his foot like the handle into a broom or scrubbing-brush, there being quite as much of the foot on the heel side as on the toe side. Such was the appearance of Mr. Apollo Johnson, whom the ladies considered as the *ne plus ultra* of fashion and the *arbiter elegantiarum*. His *bow-tick*, or fiddle-stick, was his wand, whose magic rap on the fiddle, produced immediate obedience to his mandates, "Ladies and gentlemen take your seats." All started up. "Miss Eurydice, you open de ball." Miss Eurydice had but a sorry partner, but she undertook to instruct me. O'Brien was our *vis-a-vis* with Miss Euterpe. The other gentlemen were officers from the ships, and we stood up, twelve chequered brown and white, like a chess board. All eyes were fixed on Mr. Apollo Johnson, who first looked at the couples, then at his fiddle, and, lastly, at the other musicians, to see if all was *right*, and then with a wave of his *bow-tick*, the music began. "Massa lieutenant," cried Apollo to O'Brien, "cross over to opposite lady, right hand and left, den figure to Miss Eurydice—dat right; now four hand round. You lilly midshipmen, set your partner, sir; den twist her round; dat do, now stop. First figure all over." At this time I thought I might venture to talk a little with my partner, and I ventured a remark; to my surprise she answered very sharply, "I come here for dance, sar, and not for chatter: look, Massa Johnson, he tap un bow-tick." The second figure commenced, and I made a sad bungle; so I did of the third, and fourth, and fifth, for I never had danced a cotillion.

When I handed my partner to her place, who certainly was the prettiest girl in the room, she looked rather contemptuously at me, and observed to a neighbor, "I really pity de gentlemen as come from England, dat no know how to dance nor nothing at all, until em hab instruction at Barbadoes." A country dance was now called for, which was more acceptable to all parties, as none of Mr. Apollo Johnson's pupils were very perfect in their cotillion, and none of the officers, except O'Brien knew any thing about them. O'Brien's superior education on this point, added to his lieutenant's epaulet and handsome person, made him much courted; but he took up with Miss Eurydice after I had left her, and remained with her the whole evening, thereby exciting the jealousy of Mr. Apollo Johnson, who it appears was amorous in that direction. Our party increased every minute; all the officers of the garrison, and, finally, as soon as they could get away, the governor's aid-de-camps, all dressed in *mufti* (i. e. plain clothes.)—The dancing continued until three o'clock in the morning, when it was quite a squeeze, from the constant arrival of fresh recruits from all the houses in Barbadoes. I must say that a few bottles of Eau de Cologne thrown about the room would have improved the atmosphere. By this time the heat was terrible, and the *mapping* of the ladies' faces everlasting. I would recommend a DIGNITY BALL to all stout gentlemen who wish to be reduced a stone or two. Supper was now announced, and having danced the last country dance with Miss Minerva, I of course had the pleasure of handing her into the supper room. It was my fate to sit opposite to a fine turkey, and I asked my partner if I should have the pleasure of helping her to a piece of the breast. She looked at me very indignantly, and said, "Curse your impudence, sar, I wonder where you larn manners. Sar, I take a lilly turkey *bosom*, if you please. Talk of *breast* to lady, sar: really quite *horrid*." I made two or three more barbarous mistakes before the supper was finished. At last the eating was over, and I must say a better supper I never sat down to. "Silence, gentlemen and ladies," cried Mr. Apollo Johnson, "wid de permission of our amiable hostess, I will purpose a toast. Gentlemen and ladies —You all know, and if be so you don't, I say that there no place in de world like Barbadoes. All de world fight against England, but England nebber fear: King George nebber fear, while *Barbadors tand tuff*. Badian fight for King George to last drop of him blood. Nebber see the day Badian run away: you all know dem Frenchmans at Sau Lucee, give up Morne Fortunee, when he hear de Badian volunteer come against him. I hope no 'fence present company, but um sorry to say English come here too jealous of Badians. Gentlemen and lady—Barbadian born hab only one fault—he *really too brave*. I purpose health of 'Island of Barbadoes.'" Acclamations from all quarters followed this truly moderate speech, and the toast was drunk with rapture: the ladies were delighted with Mr. Apollo's eloquence, and the lead which he took in the company.

The Portland Advertiser states, that Jack Downing has arrived in that city. He is "a strange looking man, with big whiskers, full face, dark eyes, short legs, and a thick body," and swears a good deal. He says, "there are so many about the country stealing his name, that he only knows himself by a scar on his left arm."

Murder.—A murder was committed near Columbus, Indiana, on the 16th ult. under the following circumstances. On the evening of the above day, Mr. John Comer, a respectable citizen of Rock Creek, went, in company with his wife, to the house of a person named Calder Heron, for the clothing of the wife of Mr. Heron, who it appears had separated from her husband. While there, Comer and Heron had some conversations about a cert-in bell, which Heron had found in the woods, and which Comer alleged was his. Both parties became angry, and Heron finally made some threats, after which Comer and his wife left the house for the purpose of going home, when Heron followed with his rifles and shot Mr. Comer: the ball entering his body just behind the right shoulder. He then advanced and struck Mr. Comer one or more blows with his rifle, as he expired in about fifteen minutes after he was shot. Heron was arrested a few days after, and committed to prison to await his trial.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 24 inst. a Mrs. Ewalt, the wife of Mr. Isaac Ewalt, near New Vernon, (Ohio,) in the absence of her husband and the rest of the household, procured a razor and cut her throat in a very frightful manner. Mr. E. and her sister on entering the room, just as she had accomplished the fatal act, discovered her on the floor, where she had thrown herself in the agonies of death; they raised her in their arms, when she exclaimed "*let me die!*" and with these last words, she expired. Her health had been for some time delicate, and it is supposed that the depression of her spirits consequent upon such a state, impelled her to the fatal act.

A Droll Rencontre.—The people of the mail, in its progress from Edinburgh on Sunday night, had a droll rencontre. In the neighborhood of the Bield a pony saddled and bridled, but without a rider, crossed the leaders. The company were naturally alarmed, lest some accident should have happened to the unlucky wight, whose steed was thus wandering masterless; and the guard alighted to reconnoitre. He had not proceeded far, when he discovered on the top of the wall by the side of the road something white, but whether a ghost or a sheep he was at a loss to tell. He approached in the idea that it was a sheep, when, to his great astonishment, he found that it was a two legged animal of the male kind, stripped of coat and waistcoat, and seated astraddle on the wall, which he was kicking and spurring most furiously, and on which he was inveiking all manner of evil for standing stone-still while its rider was so anxious to be going. With some gentle force and a good deal of persuasion, the elevated traveller was made to descend from his rough saddle, and, after being pretty well roused, was directed as well as the darkness would permit, in what quarter to search for his veritable steed. It is supposed that the honest man under the combined effect of long sitting and deep draughts, had mistaken the 'dike' for his own bed stock, and had stripped in order to tumble in, but on getting astride of the cope, a change came over the spirit of his dream: and fancying himself once more on the back of his pony, he began to spur and whip until the guard relieved him.—*Dumfries Courier.*

Accident.—Between seven and eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, one of the high pressure boilers connected with the steam engine of the Dry Dock Company, exploded, by which the north gable end and a part of the front of the brick building which encloses it were thrown down. Although on most occasions during the day, numbers of persons are constantly in and about the premises, there were fortunately none present at the time of the accident but the Engineer, who was standing in the doorway, and escaped with a very slight injury. The injury done to the boiler is not very extensive, the rupture being confined to one of the sheets, which was forced entirely out, and with it a portion of the brick work surrounding the furnace.

Married,

On Friday evening by the Rev. J. M. Krebs, Mr. James Phipps Burr to Henrietta, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Gray, all of this city.

Died,

On Sunday afternoon, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary Mitchell, (late of Newburgh,) wife of Mr. John Mitchell.

On Sunday afternoon, after a short illness, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of John F. Walker, in the 56th year of her age.

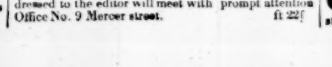
On Saturday morning, after a lingering illness, Mr. William H. Van Sice, in the 28th year of his age, son of Mr. John Van Sice.

At Baltimore, Samuel Sterrett, Esq. of the house of Harrison & Sterrett, aged 77.

At Petersburg, Va. on the 8th inst. Francis G. Yancey, Esq. senior editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer.

Of Hydrophobia, on the 24th ult., Anne, daughter of Robert Mitchell, of St. John's Neck, in Kent County, Del. in the 15th year of her age. The family never suspected the nature of her disease, until the morning of the day on which she died; when, upon being asked if she had not been bitten by a dog, she replied that she had not been bitten, but that she had allowed a little dog, which had subsequently run off, and been killed as mad, to lick a small sore, produced by a scrach, upon her heel; medical aid was then resorted to for the first time. The deceased appeared to retain her senses perfectly throughout her illness and evinced not the slightest disposition to injure any one in attendance. She lived twenty-eight days from the period when the virus is supposed to have been communicated—five days from the commencement of her indisposition—and fifty-four hours after the convulsive sensations at sight of water, gave the first clue to the nature of her disease.

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA,
AND BALTIMORE.



Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.

The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built Coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.

FARE REUCED TO	$2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick,	1 2 1-2
" " Princeton,	1 00
" " Trenton	1 50
Breakfast on board	37 1 2

The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.

For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, 3dd No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.

All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.

WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.
july 20

TO FAMILES AND GROCERS.
PATENT MOULD CANDLES.

THE candles are peculiarly adapted for summer use, and will remain hard in the warmest climate. They are particularly recommended to Families, not only for economy, but cleanliness, as they will burn longer than the Sperm, and do not produce a cup around the wick to retain any of the melted tallow,—which in the sperm and the ordinary tallow candle is so liable to spill when moved. Manufactured and for sale only by W. HULL & SON, No. 189 Front st.
may 31. tf

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SOIREE, at PEALE'S Museum and Gallery of the Fine Arts, Broadway, opposite the City Hall.

The public are respectfully informed that a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music will be given at this establishment every evening during this week, precisely at 9 o'clock, by three eminent artists, lately arrived from France, viz. a young gentleman, Monsieur Schumacher, 17 years of age, a pupil of the Conservatory at Paris, who performs on the Violin most exquisitely, accompanied by his two sisters on the Harp, being their first appearance in America.

PROGRAMME.

1st. Overture by Auber, executed by Mons. Schoumacher.
2d. Tryollenne by Auber, sung by Miss Schoumacher.
3d. Violin Solo Adagio, in imitation of the Flute, by Mons. S.
4th. Barcarole, by Miss S.
5th. Polonaise by Rode, by Miss S.
6th. Sonata for the Harp, by The Three.
7th. Vocal Trio, by The Three.
8th. Grand Aria, from the opera of Masaniello by Miss S.
9th. Song by Beauplan, by Miss S.
10th. Grand Aria, in imitation of Paganini, by Mons. S.
11th. Finale, Barber of Seville, by Mons. S.

Admittance to the Museum and Concert, 25 cents.
july 13 2t

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE, and annals of the American and English Turf, commenced March 1833—an imperial octavo, published in numbers monthly, each number embellished with two colored plates, wholly dedicated to sporting subjects and fancy pursuits, embracing all the Turf operations of moment in both England and the United States.—Terms, $10 per annum in advance. All orders addressed to the editor will meet with prompt attention Office No. 9 Mercer street. ft 22f

CASTLE GARDEN.—G. MARSH has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that the Garden is now open for the season, and by recent repairs, additions and alterations, it is now one of the most enviable places of the kind in this world; and he pledges himself that no effort within his reach shall be wanting to conduct his Establishment in such a manner as to meet with public approbation. His well known and justly celebrated Band of Martial Music, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dills, as leader, will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. &c.

The Works every pleasant evening at 9 o'clock.

Admittance one shilling, for which refreshment will be furnished. jy22

VAUXHALL GARDEN is open for the season.

This delightful place, truly the only legitimate Garden in the city, is now ready to receive company. The proprietor has considerably added to the beauty and embellishments; the shades of the foliage is not equalled in the Union; a military band performs every evening; and on Sunday evenings will be performed, under the direction of Mr. Pease, selections of Music, from the works of Handel, Haydon, Mozart, &c.

Season Tickets may be had at the Garden. Single tickets, for a Gentleman 2 dollars—for a Gentleman and four Ladies, or Children with their parents of servant, 5 dollars. my25

HAIR CUT.—"A LA DOUGO."

JOSEPH BARDOTTE most respectfully returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of New York for the flattering encouragement he has received since his arrival from Europe.

Ever anxious to introduce improvements which have been adopted in his profession, he takes this method to announce one, the most recently received from London.

The "Marquis Douro" (son of the Duke of Wellington, having gone to a celebrated hair cutter in London, suggested an alteration in the manner of cutting hair, of such a decided advantage over the old mode, that it has been universally adopted by the fashionable world, and dubbed the "la Douro."

J. B. having engaged a superior workman from the above London establishment, has been enabled through him, to introduce this beautiful mode, and respectfully invites the fashionable to call and give it a trial at his rooms, 146 Broadway, up stairs, corner of Liberty-street, next door to Webb's Congress Hall.

N B. The "La Douro" Metallic Wigs" made to order.

☞ Hair Dressers who wish to adopt the "La Douro" fashion will be taught in two lessons, at five dollars per lesson.

WANTED, a Journeyman Hair Dresser. Apply as above. jy22 6t

DR. DE GOURGUE'S PATENT SPECIFIC.

This medicine has been used with great success as a Rheumatic remedy. In all rheumatic affections whether acute or chronic, its decided superiority in affording almost immediate relief has been successfully tested. For the following complaints it will be found very efficacious, viz: Quinced sore throat, Hives in children, Pain in the back and Sciatica, Bruises and Sprains, Chapped hands, violent contusions, Fresh wounds, Burns and Scalds, Head and Tooth ache, Debility of the system. Prevents the eye from turning black if immediately applied; is excellent for washing the teeth and gums, &c. &c. The specific has been administered with surprising success, in cases of flatulency, pain in the stomach, bowels, dysentery, &c.

The most inveterate Piles has been thoroughly cured by it. Fistula, which in most cases proves fatal, yielded to the specific. The above medicine is held in such high estimation by many families that they are unwilling to be without it a moment.

Prepared and sold until further notice, ONLY at the south east corner of the Bowery and 8th street, 2d corner above Vauxhall Garden.

The extensive demand manifested for the genuine De Gourgue's Specific, has induced several to endeavor to deceive the public by persuading them to purchase a counterfeit medicine. No person except the proprietor in the city of New York is authorized to vend De Gourgue's Specific, and it can be obtained at no other place than the above, where it is prepared, and which may be known by the sign over the door. Each bottle is accompanied with printed directions, sealed with the initials D. G. on the cork, NONE OTHER IS GENUINE. Retail price 50 cents per bottle; wholesale $4 50 per dozen.

Directions—Shake the bottle and apply the Specific with friction to the affected parts. In fevers rub well the small of the back. For Hives in children apply it freely to the chest. For Convulsions by rubbing the back and stomach, its effects are almost instantaneous. For the Headache apply it to the back of the neck and sole of the feet. For chilblains or frosted feet, rub them twice a day, or oftener. From 20 drops to a tea-spoon full may be taken inwardly, mixed with water.

A selection of certificates from numerous respectable individuals is annexed, to give the public some idea of

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS'

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. a12 1y

A HANDSOME SUITE of unfurnished Apartments to let in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. m25 1m

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs. Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square.
Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. june 28

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILILAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 103 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No. 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York.
N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parselle would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. R. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way dec8.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

HROWELL & CO, 40 Canal-street, near Broadway, New-York, Manufacturer of Paste and Liquid Blacking, of a superior quality, warranted not to injure the Leather, which they offer upon the most liberal terms.
☞ H. R. & Co., pledge themselves to give the utmost satisfaction, and should the article not prove as good as is warranted, the purchaser is at liberty to return and receive the cash for the same.
Also,—Black and Red Ink of the first quality, and furnished by the wholesale. j8

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholetale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JOHN MAGUIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTER; containing an exposition of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their variations carefully arranged under their respective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, well adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samuel B. Emmons.
"A Knowledge of grammer is the foundation of ou literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities of writing and speaking are only occasions for mental display their unfitness to write and to speak." o r
sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 15

HYMN BOOKS, &c.—Rippon's selections, Watts and Rippon's Winchell's Watts, with the Supplement and Hymns of Zion. Also, Bibles and Testaments of all sizes and bindings, constantly for sale by BARTLETT & RAYNOR,
j8 1f 76 Bowery.

BOOKS & STATIONARY.—A general assortment of School Books, in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English. Also, Blank Books and Stationary, Juvenile and Toy Books, with the miscellaneous publications of the day, as they issue from the press, constantly for sale by
j8 1f R. BARTLETT & RAYNOR, 76 Bowery.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price. free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by JACOB SOUTHART,

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

MEDICAL CARD.—DOCTOR GLOVER is consulted confidentially, as usual, at his office. He continues to limit his practice to a select branch of his profession, viz:—strictures, gleets, gonorrhæa, syphilis, seminal weakness, and the various complications of these diseases. His own practical experience, and the recent improvements in medicine have enabled him to introduce several important facilities in the treatment and cure of these diseases. He had discarded from his practice those nauseous mixtures that are often prescribed for the cure of gonorrhæa, etc.
Strangers are apprised that Dr. G. has received a regular professional education, and confines his practice to the treatment of this class of diseases
His office is at No. 2 Ann-street, near Broadway, second and third door from the American Museum, where he may be consulted until 9 in the evening daily. Separate entrance and separate offices are provided.
☞ Private entrance to the office third door from the Museum.
N. B. Persons at a distance by describing their case and enclosing a fee will have the remedy suited to their case, forwarded to order. Letters must be post paid. m29

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j22 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

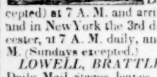
THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months lately before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considereble expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the Refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minute's notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

CONGRESS HALL.
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)
N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK
Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrive in Worcester at 1 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 1 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY
Daily Mail Stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saint days. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive 'until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 1 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES—To teach children to think and read about common things, and to illustrate for parents and teachers, methods of instructing and interesting children; with a copious introduction explaining fully the method of using the book. By Jacob Abbot, Principal of Mount Vernon School
This day published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. Boston. 1f

PAUL A. SABBATON, Proprietor of the Phœnix Foundry, corner of Rivington and Cannon streets, East River, continues making Steam Engines of all sizes, and invites persons wanting Engines to examine those of his make, of which there are from thirty to forty in operation, from four to forty horse power, in different parts of the United States including thirteen in this city.
Having an extensive assortment of wheel and other patterns, he is from experience enabled to estimate for machinery, and make contracts for the erection of Engines and Mill work of any description.
Besides those ordered, has on hand in a state of forwardness, a 4, 6, 12, and 20 horse power, Engines, that can be finished at two or three week's notice. Iron Castings and Wrought Iron work made to order.
For sale—two setts of brass Holloware Patterns:—consisting of 10 sizes of Pots, and 40 Iron Flasks and Brass Checks and Slides: the patterns have been formed after the true Scotch shape, and the flasks of the most approved construction.
A new bar Coals Press. A 40 horse power Engin nt little damaged by being used.

Stages and Steamboats.

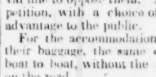
NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE AND WHEELING.

Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.

FARE REDUCED TO	$2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick,	1 2 1-2
" " Princeton,	1 00
" " Trenton	1 50
Breakfast on board	37 1 2

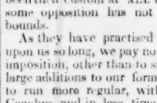
The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.
For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.
N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.
Passengers by this line will find superior accommodation, the bar and table being equal to the best hotels.
The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
j29 J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.

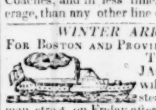


Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 54 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.

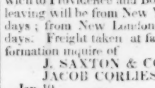


The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.



Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

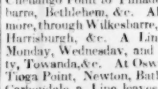


THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Sucksonny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta, for Milford.* On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Sparkgutsland, Pamburgh, Robertsons to Milford.* Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose, to Oswego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Keaney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

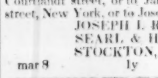
ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets surrendered and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.



FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock, P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.
RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent*

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.



STAGES will leave Wilder's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS Agent.

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days:—
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday	" 7	Saturday	" 9
Tuesday	" 12	Thursday	" 14
Saturday	" 16	Tuesday	" 19
Thursday	" 21	Saturda	" 23
Tuesday	" 26	Thursday	" 28
Saturday	" 30		

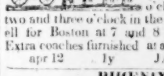
The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Thursday	" 14	Tuesday	" 12
Tuesday	" 19	Saturday	" 16
Saturday	" 23	Thursday	" 21
Tuesday	" 28	Tuesday	" 26
		Saturday	" 30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worceste Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Wookstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extr Carabes furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leave Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agen*

PHŒNIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcster and Providence Stages.

LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Bingham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P M.
J. S. KELLER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

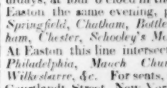
ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.

LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Sapan's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street,) and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. (seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.

COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire Vermont, and Canada All of th above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 1f J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANTS' LINE.

TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.
THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Counties slip, corner of Water-st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co. Sandusky City O.; Gaynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gaizam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, June 20. 1y *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDE'S, No. 11 ELM STREET,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the west-ru, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Easton at 6, P. M.
CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.
Leaves the General Stage Office, Wilde's', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.
Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wilde's', No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.
JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skilful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.
ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD!*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the *size*, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the exp